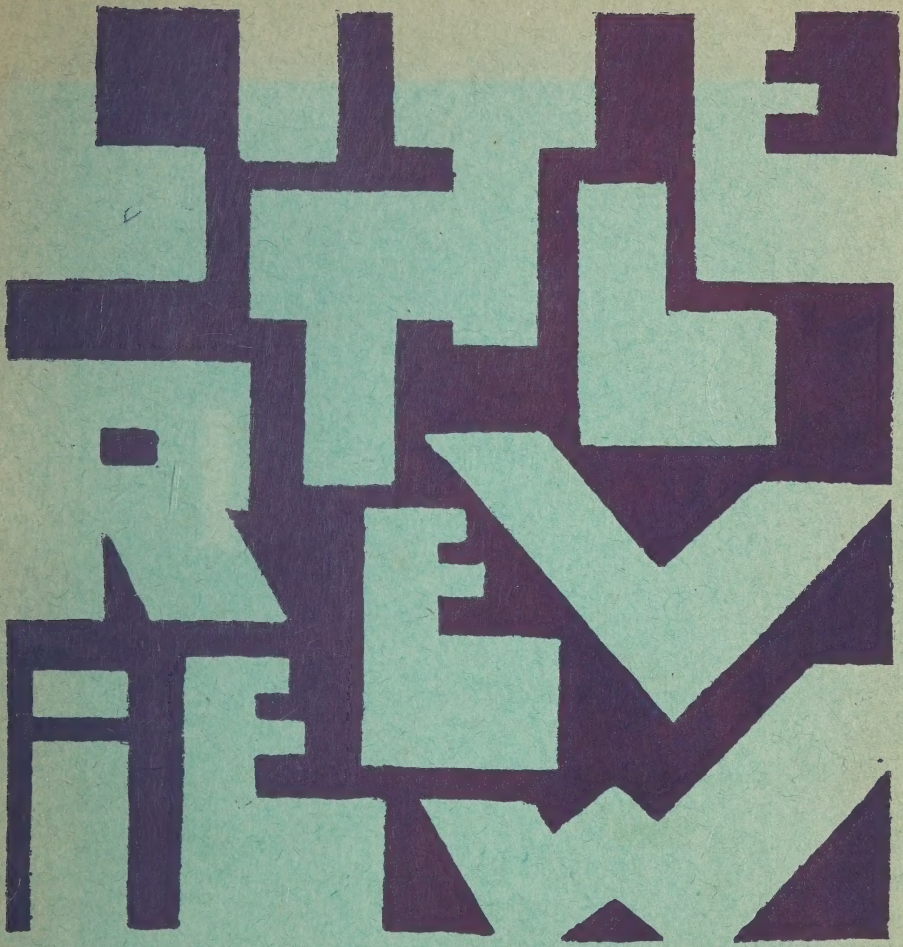

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Winter 1922

THE LITTLE REVIEW

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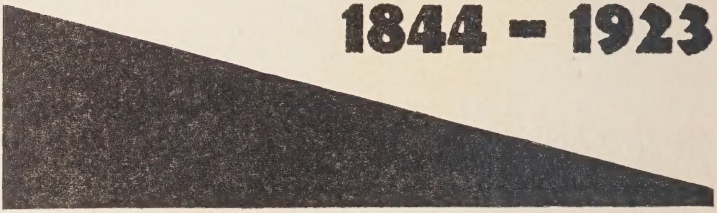

NOTICES

THE POST OFFICE REGULATIONS MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO CALL THIS ISSUE ANYTHING BUT WINTER 1922.

WYNDHAM LEWIS NUMBER POSTPONED OWING TO DELAYS ON PART OF COLLABORATORS.

I CANNOT SLEEP

It shoots up into the air is it an enormous paper-knife or a quill . . . it is a priest in a flat hat his dress stays stiff his hands stiff to his sides he skims in and out among the trapezes

the whole row of mountains is falling over . . . it has caught the sun and is squeezing the light out of it the houses have all fallen off the slopes and are tumbled together in the gorge the forests have slipped farther down and join in a V

many niagaras roar somewhere under the ground

now the rat is coming in through the back window he will frighten my green shoes.

all the tombstones in the graveyard have become peppermint hearts with fortunes printed on them in pink

seven seagulls for supper . . . an eye just dropped out of a seagull and plopped up again when it struck the water möwe

I didn't say I didn't like the man I said he had hips like shoulder-blades look at him from the back

that woman's hands scare me I am glad I shall never have to be her lover I know they leave her arms and crawl about over things in the night lean faded spiders

A metal horse stands up from the earth on his hind legs and bites the stars out of the sky there is a sound of broken glass falling through the air.

the Grail! no it is a bouquet with paper-lace edges and tin-foil stem a greenwhite breast with wisteria nipple lies in the lace . . . there is a light in the breast the bouquet floats high in the air it floats past a city of candles . . . on the mountain side It is night and the light changes to silver-green It floats higher out over the sea it cannot be pursued it floats through the emptiness of the moon

my heart is an Idiot I write my name and way and pin it on him . . . if we should become separated With my hands I take my brain and slowly uncrumple it I smooth out every crease and wrinkle there is nothing to press it out upon except abysses it is a long job and wearing surprising how big it is smoothed out like melted silk I will crumple it up again firmly and put it back after I have left it this way for a long time shining and clean The years breed pain when one is accomplice with an Idiot

SPRING SONG: NIGHT on the FIELDS

THE low reaches of sand and gray clay vanish in mist and distance on every side, and they are piled to the clouds with silence that seems continually disturbed by long rumbling echoes. Beyond the sands lie shallow waters.

Once it was bright day on the sands.

It was a day just after winter when a weak new life is discovered in the world, and is being anointed, fondled, and fostered. In winter these plains shrink down, contract, and harden, they become imbued through and through with filth; but in the beginning of spring they seem to be seized roughly and washed as if they must either be washed clean or be destroyed; they are washed so that everything is left pale, withered, and weak, and there seems to be no color except wrung white and gray. If left to dry, it seems, all objects and substances would become in a moment thin gray and white film and be blown away. When the cold comes at night there is a slight drying, and then the sand, clay, and pebbles are bleached, drained, and smoothed; they become white; and everything is sad. But there is seldom a long drying. After the wash, instead, the whole earth is flooded, as a burn with oil, with new soft clear water, moving or still; and earth and sky together are flooded with new cold air that moves in soft glassy winds; flooded too with a pale strange sunlight. Out of this flooding with water, air, and light, the young new disgusting life is begun; and by the soft cold water, amid the shining ice and gilded snow, and by the light and the wind, this life is nurtured and sustained.

This day, I mention, was soft and light, and the wind was blowing; it was a bright day. It was springtime, vast, gentle, and cold.

One examined the pale wild sky, lighted by that mild pervasive busy light of springtime: the old used dirty sky now virgin and uncontaminate again, with its mild colors, its blue and yellow, and with a little of the pink of springtime in the depth of the silvery haze; blue and yellow overhead, milky tan in the east, where stood two small clouds, narrow and indistinct, of

palest rose. In the west, where the sun stood, were large white clouds of indefinite shape, more like illuminated mist than clouds, clouds tall enough however to cover the sun and so to be lighted through like all else around, yet not too dazzlingly, though one could not look at them. The western clouds, and the whole sky besides, were still, despite the large cold wind that blew steadily across the earth, pressing its glassy breast to the left cheek of one walking northward and fingering that cheek and keeping it cold; touching the whole of that side of the body and keeping it different from the right. And it was as if the rolling active light could be felt upon the body besides the wind; the wind that made a constant confusing noise in the ear. If one went westward out from the town toward certain places where there were fields and hollows of bare mud, the wind made a noise in both ears. But the sky, though still, seemed just free of being wantonly and riotously stirred and tumbled, fiercely driven; a tumult which it loved.

And the mild light filling all space, made visible and startling what was far off; long distances were to the end as clear and as full of softly shining light as spaces close by; light faintly gilded the washed and freshened white snow, and made objects that were opaque glow warm and beautiful, walls and walks of gray-tan stone within the scattered town; old dampened brick masonry that had been painted red glowed in the light, as did the rotting wooden work about it, which was often painted green. One saw far off the fine gray trees. And in one dark place near dim shaded shops with open doors that asked one to come peering and searching in, the misty light came through and over a high gray hoarding; came through its slits in rays.

Much snow still lay about within the town, especially where it had been plowed from the shiny trams of the streets and windrowed in the gutters, or scraped from the slanted footwalks and piled aside. This snow, soft and shining now within its hollows had upon it a lace of threads of adhesive ice left after some melting and sinking down; in many places the threads were darkened by fine black filth, but in others, where the snow was especially freshened and was purely white, they were of undimmed crystal. In one short dark court closed in by houses

and protected by trees, only a few wagon wheels had cut the snow, and it remained almost as thick as it had ever been; but it was grayish and wet even there, and the intersecting wheel ruts were full of water. Elsewhere the snow was white and shining.

But most gladdening of all was the water which fell from every steaming eave and gable of every light or dark drab-painted square thin-walled wooden house, down upon the wooden steps or walks beneath, in heavy every-renewed showers, in rows of drops like closely-woven rattling curtains. Large and round, the drops, with their points turned up as those of small silvery glass onions would have been, fell in a hail and beat the wet boards with a fierce pattering and threw up and kept in the air a crystal spray all along the boards.

These were showers which swelled the waters that lay off in the fields and everywhere; the new waters of spring in wide sheets, submerging the earth and soaking deep into it, even into that beneath the houses and the poor thin pavements. The waters that came down from the low mounds about the houses moved over the walks in decimeter widths and formed at the lower edges broad still wedge-shaped pools, deeper at the outside, pools of clear brown water wherein, when one looked down, he saw in dainty black pictures of the trees with their bare interlacing branches, the houses, and all the crooked wooden poles with wires strung to their yards. Then the waters poured themselves into the brimming gutters, in which stood the white shining snow. Out through the fields there were some wide sunken passages containing streets paved and walled, one with a willow tree above it on a railway embankment; and down the broad brown pavements of these streets, over the pale brown stones, gracefully and inaudibly flowed a wide deep flood.

And the water flowed so pleasantly! And none was ever like it; the waters of winter and of summer were not like it; so gay, refreshing, clear, and bright, standing over the earth to warm it, or moving fast and merrily onward, as if with a purpose or in fulfillment of a promise that made it joyful. Off in the wet fields, where the great joined jagged-edged pools lay, the sunlight struck the water and made it, out to left, a dazzling cream color and silver; but out to right, over the flat

fells of sod, the sunlight gave the water the soft blue of the sky. And in one partly sunlit but still shadowy pool, within a noisy outer quarter of the town, where broken trolley cars ran, at a wide sunken corner where there were broken wall of tan stone and a poor pavement of worn red bricks, a sheet of bloody crimson hung below the surface of the syrupy water, and the lighter red of a bar upon a perpendicular poster a step or two off, and some light green from the poster too were reflected.

And in the hollows of the fields the short old olive colored and brown grass stood up through the water, invigorated, swimming gently, and shining to its white roots; and the short olive grass round the wooden houses was like frosty forest moss for the wet. The long thick shaggy sod on the rough outer fields showed threads of cream and silver in the light. All was rising from the shrunkenness and rigour of the winter; even the small trees were wet through and were alive and showed green in their black. And one coming from a distance over the round earth to some large trees, where they grew in a great sparse grove, saw them rise tall and slender in the light of the sky: high gently supple tubes of delicate pearl; lofty trees bending at their tops; the dark elms bent into the eternal Gothic arches of the forest; the oaks were full in their curves of kinks only a meter or two apart. The finer branches of the trees were gray hangings in the mild extensive scene; a gray veil of fine branches floated over and through the trees along the roadways to far off. The ground under the trees of the grove was covered with wet ice.

A mild mild scene, and no sound but the wind's; yet it seemed to be a tumultuous scene, a scene where there was something rushing, something great; a gigantic, glowing, and silvery scene with mighty invisible action.

One thought then of poor friends in prison. And coming home across the wetted open, one saw the big white moon pale and round in the south, in the blue and cream sky that was growing misty. At home a warm light from the warmed west came in at the window, and there were white and purple hyacinths, pale jonquils, and sprays of white narcissus. The sparrows noisily pecked the dust mixed with horse dung in the drying centers of the plowed streets, and the warmth had dis-

tilled a little dust even from the damp filth that packed the angles of many walls.

But night comes cold and dingy. The cold is not winter's cold, and is in solution with a shabby gray blueness, which is not mist. Then the drying and bleachings are done. And overhead, as through a hole in the blueness, a few dim lonely stars begin to shine, those of Cancer mild and faint, Capella, and the Twins, Jupiter hanging large and glaring below the rest as if it were greater than the stars. Up there where the stars move rank beyond rank so that, as they say, it would be full of light if the eyes were strong enough to see; up there where sometimes there is a night sky, translucent, transparent even, and almost daylit, a clear bright blue night sky with wet white clouds and the fresh stars; up there it is now shabby and dim. And the moon, that has been high in the day, has not remained long to light the night.

The dingy town lies beneath in silence, with its scattered houses and larger buildings, some made of wood and some of faded red bricks, some of stone. The buildings stand in rows along the bare and sunken roadways on the sands. They lie upon the withering cold washed sands and clay. And in one place in the town a man is beaten to death.

In a room of a public drinking place close to the center of the town, three members of the joyless strong-willed race that lives upon the sands encounter one another: and one is a tall fat cream-colored man with a fat throat hanging beneath his chin, with small hard hazel eyes, and a short hooked nose: a huge man of address and cunning; active and lithe notwithstanding his size; a master and leader of a certain kind; but soft spoken too, even with something of daintiness and grace in his air.

The second is a small grim withered man, startingly reddened by the sun, with uncommunicative, glittering pale blue eyes; a queer man, and alert, newly shaved and very clean. He is dressed in something of the best style for certain workmen of this place, in dark blue woolen jacket and trousers to the heels, a white cotton shirt and a new blue cap.

The third is the victim: a tall bony youth with a gray skin marked with pimples and livid blotches; a loud, rough, and

disgusting fellow. He has sought to be fashionable, but misunderstanding the fashions has succeeded only in being dowdy and offensive. A gross vain boastful fool, bound to be abhorrent, especially in defiance, to such as this fat man, whom he has defied.

The fat man, smoking the wet stump of a cigar, entered the large bar-room late in the evening, just short of midnight, when the place was almost empty; he entered from the street swiftly, like one busy and preoccupied, the skirts of his long gray shabby woolen topcoat flying. He seemed to encounter the youth by accident and with surprise; but he immediately asked him whether he would come to the rear for a moment. The youth stared at him a moment, smiled insolently, glanced around, and then, swaggering leisurely, followed him back through several deserted rooms. The fat man walked swiftly on ahead, and no doors were closed behind them except the last one.

But this is the door of a small bare damp room adjacent to a kitchen and is lighted only by the weak reddish glow of a single glass bulb hanging from the ceiling by a short cord. The room contains nothing but a table of dark wood and two chairs, which have been pushed against the wall. And as the two enter the door is shut by the small withered man, who has stood behind it. The fat man immediately laid his cigar stump on the edge of the table, and began to draw off together his topcoat and the jacket of worn thin gray cloth that he had on. In trousers and waistcoat with crumpled white shirt sleeves he appeared huge and menacing. He kept his high-crowned hat upon his head. The youth understood at once what was to be done and glared about furiously.

But he stopped in the midst of a boastful half-savage half-frightened sentence that he had begun to utter; for the small withered man struck him over the head from behind with a long black club and knocked him down upon his face among the shadows on the dirty damp floor.

Before his moan could rise to a scream the fat man leaped forward, seized the club, and began to beat him pitilessly. The body soon grew limp, and writhed and turned only by the force of the blows, which was tremendous, though the fat man's

height and strength made the blows seem easily dealt. There was silence except for the panting of the beater, the shuffling of his feet, his grunted half-sentences, and the enervating noise of the blows.

The little man stepped about at first to toss in with his foot the limbs that sprawled under the blows; but at last he stood back and only watched with his lips drawn slightly from his teeth and his face a little pale.

Once one of the keepers of the bar looked in hurriedly, dressed in his white apron and coat, and glancing askance at the blood that was staining the floor, he muttered something disapproving and withdrew; to be heard closing doors behind him as he returned to his place.

The fat man's pale face was excited now, albeit controlled; minute drops of sweat glistened on it; and his small hazel eyes shown wildly. His implacability seemed inexhaustible.

But at length he dealt a concluding half dozen blows upon the shoulders and back of the now bloody head, kicked the body twice and then the head, once at the side and once from beneath, and handed the club to his companion. Bestriding the body, he lifted it by the shoulders, turned it over and looked for a moment at the face mutilated by the kick. It was almost unrecognizable except as an object of horror. The upper mouth and nose were broken and swollen almost to bursting; sticky blood from the torn scalp was rubbed into the whole face, even into the eyebrows; the eyes were closed; and as the head with its disordered hair hung backward it was like a sop of blood. The fat man emitted a breath sharply, pushed the body away so that it fell heavily in a twisted posture, and still panting, though he was becoming calm again, he resumed his jacket, long coat, and cigar stump. The small man, who was apparently quite in possession of his wits, went out. The other wiped his forehead and looked at the body as it lay in the pools of blood that widened on the dim floor. In the shadows the blood looked dark, of the colour of liver, and it seemed three centimeters deep at the edges of the pools. The youth's expensive but mean-looking clothes were filthy with it, and with the dust and damp grit in which they had been rubbed. The long ugly feet in

white stockings and red boots lay like two loggats; the tight trouser legs were twisted and pulled up; and the jacket and greatcoat had been worked to the shoulders.

After some minutes the wheels of a motor cab were to be heard in the passage back of the room, and the small man came in again and instantly obeyed a sign which the other made him. He took the ankles of the body, and the other, having first jammed upon the breast the wide green felt hat smeared with dust that had lain on the floor, gathered up the shoulders. They carried the body out at the door, which the little man got open with one hand and elbow, grasping again for his hold upon the body.

As they came to the orange enamelled cab with its curtains drawn, its motor going, and its lights dimmed, which could just be seen in the dense gloom between the dirty brick walls of the passage among the bent garbage pails and ash and dust barrels and boxes, the cab driver did not stir in his seat except to reach back to open the door for them. But as he did that and saw what they carried, he uttered a sudden hysterical exclamation; and then the red man, who had got backward into the cab dragging the body, stumbled, shuffled, and exclaimed sharply in his own turn. The big man bent forward, pushing so cruelly at the body that it was doubled in two; and the red man, crouching under the low roof, and pushing at something within the cab, exclaimed again. Both bearers then looked inquiringly toward the driver, who was just visible in the faint light of a small lamp at the side of the cab; but he sat still and only besought them to hurry for Christ's sake. They pulled and pushed the body in upon the red man; the fat man jammed himself after and closed the door; and then they moved swiftly up the dark passage and out into the somewhat silvery dimness of the lighted streets. There the water and snow had frozen into sheets of thin ice, which broke and crackled between the wheels and the rough brick pavement.

With the large cab lights half aglow they passed at great speed out over the rough pavement of the center of the town between black buildings, and struck into more remote streets of little dingy separate houses. Soon they went past a large railway station lighted below but dark on its many upper floors,

that stood on a waste among low iron bridges; and from here they followed an endless poor street of business where some small eating-houses and dim tobacco and confectionery shops were still lighted; then they entered a farther expanse of little houses, through which lay a lighted esplanade. But after a considerable time the houses became fewer; there were great empty places; and then, silent railway trackage with solitary coloured oil lights burning among multitudes of shadowy motionless goods cars. Beyond this trackage a pavement without lights or footwalks reached on into the fields, and upon it they began to go out into the great blackness of empty country under the sky.

They had come to the open land beyond the town, to those bare muddy places which were without snow and were fairly dry. The large lamps of the cab were entirely extinguished, and only the one small side light and the tiny red one by the metal plate and extra tire behind continued to glow.

Here islands of gloom floated off above the earth on every side and the distant horizon was distinguishable in a black void only by pale narrow mists just above it. None but the few stars directly at the zenith could be seen through the gloom and mist overhead. An immense, lonely, and desolate place! The barking of a dog at a distance could just be heard. Under the gloom, after a time, a vague undefined zone of pale tarnished mist seemed to appear; it was similar to that along the horizon; and in it one saw a little of the gray-brown fields nearest him with their mud endlessly indented as it had been dumped there by cartloads to raise and fill the low ground. Scattered on the mud were pieces of waste brick, stone, and wood, rusted tins, kitchen pots, and wires; and in some of the hollows clods of turf had taken root. Far off on the town side one saw the fields extending up to the long vague mound of shadow with little lights low down along it like pale balls apart, upon a thread. On the other side the fields seemed real for only a little way; beyond that they dissolved into the shadowed emptiness of the distance and the sky. In one direction, far off from the paved roadway, were two or three cottages, each facing a different quarter, and in one a dim light was burning as if very high in the air. In two other places the water of deep ponds glistened. Some ice and

a little snow lay in the hollows of the ground, the surface of which was frozen and seemed tough and rubbery when one stepped on it. The great empty place was dark and cold.

The cab stopped after a time, and the driver got the door open hastily and then stepped down. The other men stumbled out quickly and straightened themselves; and now they too seemed anxious, for they turned at once and brought out the boy's body, which rubbed the door frame hard and bumped its feet upon the steps as it came. They began to carry it out into the dark over the frozen mud; nearly doubled between them; its seat hanging almost to the ground, and the wagging head sunk on the chest. They walked almost abreast, close together, swiftly, stumbling a little. When they were gone the driver, all alone and sweating and pale like a man distracted, dragged out what else was in the cab, another body, but a stiffening corpse, and began to take it after them. In that just penetrable tarnished gloom the corpse appeared to be a poor workman's, sixty years old, with a pale fixed face, a yellow bald head with some gray fuzz upon it, and a long thin mustache that hung down: a poor man, tidy, but with no jacket, waistcoat, or hat; a man with a slight body knotted by work and hands gnarled and strong. He was dressed in one of the dusty black cotton shirts with thin white stripes commonly worn by such as he, a black scarf made to seemed knotted, and trousers of dark gray cotton striped to resemble worsted. Heavy braces of wide black elastic tape and tan leather held the trousers, which were so large at the top that in them as they hung by the braces, the body was like a small post. It had been shot or stabbed in the left side, for that side of the shirt and trousers and that sleeve were lush with blood; though at the edges the blood was drying and growing stiff. The cab driver, bent backward and walking backward, muttered and looked over his shoulder to see the way, holding the body by a hand in each armpit and dragging it over the mud face up, the helpless feet in stiff shoes bumping now both to the right, now both to the left, now one to the right and one to the left as they rode over the rough ground. The driver slipped, tugged, breathed audibly, and tried frantically to run.

At last the fat man hurried up through the gloom and took

the corpse's feet, and then they went faster and came to the little man, who stood by the boy's body, which had been thrown upon a mound of the earth. As the two bearers were about to put down the workman's corpse, the fat man suddenly objected and began to carry it nearer to the boy; they put it down close to him with its head in the direction of his head. Then the fat man hurried off searching and came back hastily with a length of wire, which he was disentangling from a tin and dragging along the ground. His small companion looked on, but the driver went hurriedly back to the cab. Bending down and moving this way and that as if for light, the fat man, with his coat-tails dropping into his way and his attitude making him gasp for breath, tightly fastened together with a tether of half a meter's length, the thin tough wrist of the old corpse and the wrist of the still living youth. Then the two men hurried back to the cab, where the driver sat in his seat as one exhausted or asleep. Gray and brown clay and water had soiled the legs and feet of all three, and some was daubed on the cab step by the red man as he got in. He noticed this, and the cab driver started up suddenly to say that there was blood on the seat within and that he must clean everything. The fat man, who had remained outside trying to scrape his boots on the curbing, began to speak; but the cab driver suddenly cried to him with hysterical fury to get in; and he did so at once. The cab went on fast for a long way over the night fields, then turned onto another pavement and rushed along in the wind raised by its own pace. At length it crossed the end of a street of business with occasional lonely tram cars, and soon it turned eassward and ran back into the town.

And time passed without incident on the mud of the fields till some hours before dawn, when the wind began to blow slightly and the boy began to moan. He began to grind the back of his beaten head feebly on the hard earth and to raise his body between head and heels, crying out faintly and distorting his face. But his cries were scarcely audible, and there was no one to hear them. After some time he even began to move along the ground, and the slight, stiff corpse followed him, though it was a heavy weight. He began to cry louder in the dark, with a new note, and once he paused and seemed to know

that something held him, for he tried to push the fetter from his wrist. But his beaten face was never far off the ground, and he continually plunged forward on one elbow, the opposite arm pulled out and back by the weight of the corpse, which with its stiff arm swung out and above its head with its hand bent at an angle, scraped along half sidewise in the gloom over the mud hummocks, the pieces of rubbish, the short brittle weeds, and the ice. Presently the boy stopped altogether, rose up, bedaubed with mud and water, and then threw himself backward with a gurgling cry, to lie face up beside the muddy corpse, whose fuzzy bruised head was hanging off a small mud hump. Once more the boy started up; but he merely remained upon his knees, swaying, moaning, and beating the ground aimlessly with one arm and one flapping hand. Sometimes the hand touched the corpse and seemed to be fondling and stroking it, to be playing with it. Once more the boy started up, and this time got quite to his feet, his bloody broken blind face turned aloft into the dark; but he began almost at once to sway, and then he sank down beside the corpse on his face, arms, and knees. Finally he fell over on his side in the dark and the freezing mud, and he remained so until he died in the gloom and chill sometime before morning.

From one of the cottages, where Polish peasants lived, an old man dressed in clothes made of patches and pushing a cart made of a box upon two wheels, came out into the cold dim foggy dawn to gather up wood here and there on the mud. This old man found the two dead mud-soaked blood-stained slightly frozen bodies fastened together. He saw them first rather suddenly from a distance in the pale light, and he began to approach them slowly over the broken ground pushing his cart before him as if for protection and looking toward them. When he had got nearer he left the cart and moved on more and more slowly and cautiously, as if circling, nervously holding forward his head on its thin wrinkled neck, and snuffling through his cold wet nose. Then he went to the heap, touched it with one foot, turned back, took hold of his cart, and ran rapidly away pushing the cart and muttering. Afterward a number of people assembled.

W. C. G. JITRO

BY JOHN STORRS

BY JOHN STORRS

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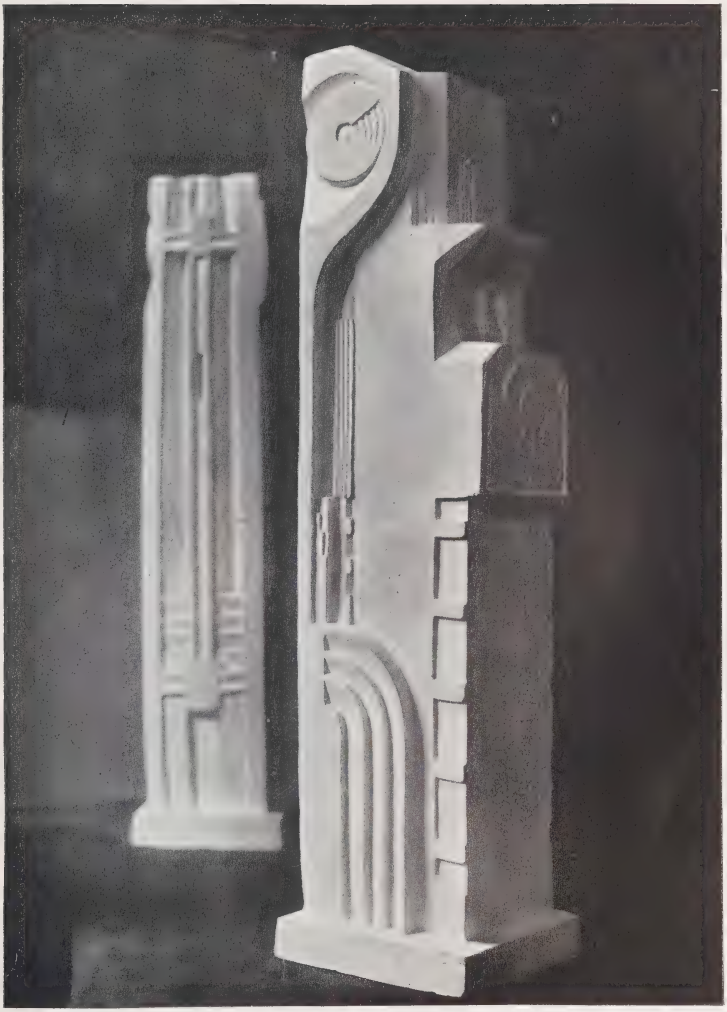


BY JOHN STORRS

COMMENTS

THE RUSSOMANIA

MOSCOW ART THEATRE. Now that the Moscow Art Theatre has moved on it may be possible to meet some of the hysterical praise on the part of its fans with a little calm rejection, without being roared and shrieked into silence. Mr. Gest provided the necessary advertising for its success: it was boomed to be the test and measure of culture for America this season. There was really no necessity for all the noise. And here is an example of loud and overwhelming endorsement by a man who is a director of an "art" theatre: "My God, what's the matter with you—they're great!—they're wonderful—I've met them at tea—at tea—and they're amazing people. I know, my dear. I've met them all—they're wonderful—such nice people."

I went to the performances and tried to avoid the surges of hysteria.

My grey matter is grey enough to get that "it's not acting you're seeing: it's life—the dream of every director is to put Life on the stage" . . . and to discover that the company is made up of civilized people (not especially actors) "who have worked together under the same direction until they play together like an orchestra . . . it's the last word in the theatre."

How can any one go agains that? But here I go.

No one will deny that the Moscow Art Theatre is the last word in representation, but haven't we had too much representation in every branch of art and discarded it years ago? The "last word" should have been said and the echo died down long before the war. "They put life upon the stage"—where is the logic and dignity in spending years of devotion and discipline in the doing of a thing that Life can do even better? There is no more significance in life on the stage than in life off the stage. If life is the standard then the plays become a series of travelogues. Life has its satisfactions—Art has its satisfactions. The theatre must be theatric—a show—and everything must be sacrificed to

its Art. The theatre, as much as any of the arts, must attest the existence of a superior order from the order of nature and the evidence of humanity. . . .

The reproduction (no matter how minutely or religiously) of the few poor galvanized words and movements of civilized mankind—galvanized by reason (an economic tool) and by the environment of his consciousness—attest nothing but a lack of consciousness, lack of movement, lack of ecstasy.

Mary Garden alone on our stage today is theatric. She alone summarizes, enforces the design, creates a new aspect, indicates and leads into the infinite from the concrete—by form and movement.

CHALIAPIN IN BORIS. I went again to Boris, to the last performance, to see if I could sleuth out the great excitement in the hearts of the public over Chaliapin. It is very easy to say that the public likes what it is told to like . . . but liking is not an emotional outburst. His voice is not exceptional, but he uses it more intelligently and more beautifully than is the goal in opera,—this is a pleasure but not an excitement. It is evidently the acting and the costumes that produce the state of exalté in his admirers. He is a trained actor who has eliminated all the chi-chi of the grand-opera-italian-french schools. But the things that he does that are his very own no audience has ever seen done by any one quite so gorgeous or so gigantic. His school of gestures might be classed under secondary feminine traits. There is the "grace" of the hands, but it is the feet that are the most distinctive thing about the man,—walking from the knee with short steps, the narrow base, constantly shifting and turning on the heels, producing an effect of complete harmlessness. In the death scene the feet lie like a dead canary's.

The American audience, even an opera audience, falls for the weak turned he-man and the giant shown helpless. Safety first! Russia is a feminine nation.

THE TIDINGS BROUGHT TO MARY. *By* CLAUDEL. The production of this play gave me a distinct experience. The combination of play and organization back of it was so perfect that as

I endured I somehow came to a full realization of the true nature of the casaba, the persimmon, the paw-paw, and all non-resisting fruits.

PEER GYNT. *By* IBSEN. Yeats once said that the younger men of his group went to hear Ibsen not because they had the same friends as Ibsen but because they had the same enemies. After seeing the latest Peer Gynt at the Garrick, Ibsen becomes one of the enemies. Schildkraut's supernatural satisfaction with himself deserves applause. I have no better way of knowing than the Theare Guild, but I don't believe Ibsen was trying to do a Norwegian Peck's Bad Blue-bird. I have always protested that Ibsen was not very much Norwegian. . . . There are no Blue-birds in Norway. The mental climate is too drastic. If my analogy between Peer Gynt and the Blue-bird seems incorrect or vague it is perhaps because I am judging only from the performance. Even "art" producers should use a little control: "Peer Gynt" is not for the stage.

I don't want to go into a discussion of the school of Stage-craft used in the settings. But here was one chance where the advanced producer could free himself from nature without one effort. Nature is not natural in Norway. Simonson employs a series of moving skies of intense colours to suggest the North. But it happens that the sky is rather pale in Norway in the summer; it is the sea and earth that change: colours as intense and violent and some less known than those used in any theatre. The impression of night is not darkness but rather an exaggeration of the day's effort at colour. Norway is a perpendicular country: would it have been contrary to the ideals of democracy to suggest it? All this is not an admonition towards geographical exactness but merely the indication of an opportunity.

HAMLET: JOHN BARRYMORE.

ROMEO AND JULIET: ETHEL BARRYMORE. Love's Labour was not lost. If Shakespeare could have known that he was to be taken up by the Barrymores! In reporting such cases I have only this to say: the instinct of self-preservation is the strongest, but use it or you lose it.

THE LAUGHING LADY. *By* ALFRED SUTRO. This is the kind of thing in which any one can stand Ethel Barrymore. There is no play in sight, just three sections of buncombe called acts: Sutro's version of Declassée: all about the redundant tragedies of dukes and drakes and ladies of title who never employ the function of thought. You leave the theatre in the same state of mental depravity as at tea when a handsome woman has talked to you for an hour on the Soviet Government, Modern Art, and the Supremacy of America.

ROGER BLOOMER. *By* JOHN LAWSON. "Roger Bloomer" has moved downtown to the Greenwich Village Theatre where it seems to be holding on in spite of all the jeers of the press. The production has more interest than most of Broadway. I don't know anything about John Lawson—I don't know whether he was trying to do an American expressionistic play, but he has made a promising and interesting experiment. Its only fault seems to be that it is not entirely conceived and executed. The story is the not too obvious or convincing struggle of the variant with the social pattern. The acting is lyrical, realistic, anything at all.

THE INTERNATIONAL COMPOSERS' GUILD has finished its season of three subscription programmes at the Klaw Theatre. Schoenberg's music melo-drama "Pierrot Lunaire" had its first american presentation on the second programme. The "six trumpets" by Ruggles and "Hyperprism" by Varese have caused much jeering, enthusiasm and table talk.

"Hyperprism" almost caused a riot when it was performed . . . modern art is the livest irritant of the day.

Six of the council of eight which directed the Composers' Guild have seceded and have formed a new group called The League of Composers. Its aim is to bring the entire range of modern tendencies before the public, including the mediocrities.

All this is very well in the meantime, but how long will composers hold on to the octave . . . one of the very oldest of musical conceptions?

INDEPENDENTS, ETC.

HAVE you seen the Independents?" I asked the Baroness von Freytag.

"It is entirely so" she shouted.

There is an increasing impossibility about these Exhibitions that is hilarious. Most of the good men have withdrawn and formed a society almost equally bad called the Modern Artists of America. The descendents of those great ones of a generation ago who painted beautiful winter scenes encrusted in silver glitter upon fire shovels, wooden spoons and bowls, now revel almost alone in an orgy of Express Yourself in Paint.

Florine Stettheimer exposed a portrait of Carl Van Vechten which deserved better attention than I could give it in my ribald tour of the show. I am sure Apollinaire would have added her to his list of women who are contributing toward a feminine art. Stuart Davis showed two "abstractions" and there were signs here and there among the hundreds of pictures that news of the modern movement (at least twenty years old) is beginning to leak out.

The value of these exhibitions is an old argument, but a rabble of painters is as futile as any other kind of rabble.

There are no unknown geniuses: the artist is always known to other artists: the population of the earth couldn't elect a man rejected by the masters.

An artist who is not of his epoch is ineffectual and boring. No —this doesn't mean that he must paint or write about enjines, wireless towers, or waste-lands.

Only a few in each age are alive.

This is also true of artists. The works of the artists of the highest energies are the spiritual measure of that age . . . there are also artists for each degree of death.

The american artist is in a bad way. He has never established his social function in the minds of the public.

In Europe groups of artists have revolted against the existing state of consciousness; they have ceased to act as the medium and have become masters of the spiritual situation. Many artists in this country (pleasant improvisors and gentle reproducers) whine about the terrors of the "mechanistic age." What belief in the power and function of art, to be terrorized by the power of plumbing systems and engines. They fear that the present society will destroy the artist. A passing social order takes with it its by-products: the velvet-jacket-Murger type of artist has disappeared, but that is just that and has no bearing and never had on the position of the creative artist.

The creative artist is becoming more and more masterful: he is turning his organizing and creative faculties upon the sternest activities of the day. He will create a new significance for life.

Painting as furniture, drawing-room sculpture, etc., are things of the past. This doesn't mean that the arts are passing. It means that they are organizing and reestablishing their lives. The artists themselves must establish their social function. The modern artist must understand group force: he cannot advance without it in a democracy. This is something very different from clubs, societies and unions. He must affiliate with the creative artist in the other arts and with the constructive men of his epoch; engineers, scientists, etc. Until this is established a great spiritual waste is going on through the dispersed, unrecognized or unattained energy of the true artist. The Little Review has long been working on a plan to promote this idea, and to bring the artist into personal contact with the consumer and the appreciator.

SOCIÉTÉ ANONYME, 19 West 47th Street, New York. The Société was organized in the spring of 1920 to provide a place where the work of the creative men in the latest movements could be seen and studied. Up to the present the Société has had four-

teen exhibitions of modern art, representing ten countries. The current exhibition is a showing of the recent work of Kandinsky. One might thoughtlessly think that these galleries would be a hunting-ground for the art student who cannot afford to go to Europe; but art students always study models in schools.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM. Indian Commissioner Burke in issuing his order to the Pueblo and Hopi Indians to discontinue their ceremonial dances not only prohibits their religious expression but wipes out the entire cultural expression of a race: music, poetry, drama, design and the dance. Just a nice day's work for a politician. The order says that the dances interfere with work . . . and that it is wrong to be bitten by snakes, etc. The entire thing reads like the automatic writings of a moral lunatic. Nothing will save the dances unless some official sells them with an amusement concession to one of his friends.—*jh.*

ANOINTMENT OF OUR WELL DRESSED CRITIC
or
WHY WASTE THE EGGS?
Three-Dimensional Vista, by Hart Crane

DIALOGUE

Scene: The Little Review in ineffectual consultation over the major tragedies of the winter.

jh, resembling—Knut Hamsun? ? M. C. A.—Elsie Dinsmore? ?

M. C. A. With all the exasperations of contemporary life I seem on the point of losing my interest in things.

jh. Give me a few moments of your exasperated time and we'll get out another of our famous annuals.

M. C. A. Known as the *Little Review?*

jh. Not so largely known . . .

(*atmosphere of concentrated impotence*)

M. C. A. We must act!

jh. I see a great deal of action all over the place.

M. C. A. You must create!

jh. I know of no commandment to create.

M. C. A. You might do something if you weren't so neurotic!

jh. Since when have the unneurotic been so creative?

M. C. A. Don't be Norwegian! I shall go mad!

jh. Don't! There are no modern asylums!

M. C. A. (*fuming*) Just *what* do you mean?

jh. No cells padded with mirrors . . .

M. C. A. (*diverted—looking in the glass with satisfaction*) At least I'm good looking!

jh. !

M. C. A. And you are extremely handsome!

jh. !

M. C. A. Of course if I weren't so intelligent—

jh. !

M. C. A. I might be more effective. It's perfectly true. It's not logical for me to have brains. And *you* might

MARGARET ANDERSON

Photograph by Victor Georg

jh

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé

EDITORS OF THE LITTLE REVIEW

BY JOHN STORRS

be more effective if you weren't so diabolical. As our enemies so prettily say: Destroy if you must but don't devastate!

jh. (*turns a Norwegian profile toward the interesting talker*)

M. C. A. If we didn't waste so much time in good conversation we might at least be self-supporting!

jh. *Be* self-supporting—and take the conversation that goes with it.

M. C. A. Well, . . . it might be called an impasse . . .

jh. (*allows her hand to droop from the wrist in the manner she is glad to know terrorizes her companion*)

M. C. A. But thank heaven *I* can still get some ecstasy out of life!

jh. Why limit me to ecstasy?

MARGARET ANDERSON

THE ART PERSONALITY

IGNORING the divine American principle of Publicity First, Georgette Leblanc gave a series of unadvertised soirées in-times in her own theatre, with modern settings by John Storrs and Joseph Stella, and chiefly modern programs. Musically they interested me more than anything else in New York this winter, except the playing of Paderewski, Kreisler, and Harold Bauer.

To most of my generation these personalities are not supposed to count. There are moments when I find my generation very stupid.

An artist may work well in the stuff of his epoch and be as uncreative as Milhaud. Or refuse to touch the good stuff of his epoch and be as creative as Bernhardt.

I don't call Kreisler a business man because he plays what his audiences want. I don't call Paderewski a bad pianist because he wants to be king of Poland, or because he doesn't play the piano as well as it can be played today, or because he never plays anything beyond Chopin. He makes other pianists look undecorative and invites you to suspect that there are no more great men in the world.

I hate the people who say that Harold Bauer is intellectual but without fire. He makes the younger pianists look so uninteresting that you can't give them the attention of your mind for five consecutive minutes.

I don't care whether Mary Garden sings "My Little Grey Home in the West" on 365 consecutive programs. I have never been at such a low ebb that I thought it was the subject matter that made the art.

I don't care whether Georgette Leblanc sings Reynaldo Hahn or Poulenc. I can so easily afford the sentimentality of Hahn. I don't burst into hysterics at all. And her singing of the moderns is not merely an affair of "education."

No, I am not talking of the "great interpreters." Nothing has ever seemed more confused to me than the accepted distinction

between the creative and the interpretative artist. No one is necessarily creative because he composes music or paints pictures or writes poetry. There are lots of Edna St. Vincent Millays.

The interpreter? Cortot : plays all kinds of music just as it should be played.

The creator? Does anything as he alone can do it. (I am not talking of tennis or tight-roping or cooking, etc., etc.)

If the great art personality is not à propos to our epoch, it seems to me the epoch's loss.

MARGARET ANDERSON.

THE NON-REPRESENTATIONAL THEATRE

As shown for the first time in America by Vadim Ureneff's productions of Alexander Bloch's "Show Booth" and "The Song of Songs":

Faithful travesty on the several hundred "little theatres" that would have ruined the stage during the last decade except for the fact that an art thing can always keep clear of both the professionals and the amateurs.—M. C. A.

THE EBULLIENT MODERNS

Impression of the Modern Artists' Dinner at Allaire's:

Atmosphere of dull inexpressiveness, determined rowdyism, and the unspontaneous American drunkenness. A business man explaining his identification with modern art, thumb in vest, large cigar punctuating the halting rhythm of his difficult sentences. Bouché dancing with sagging knees. Henri invited to "entertain" with his modern but evidently undesired dances: he had the necessary irony to impose his offering of two short numbers, even before the drooling expression of Zorach's back.—M. C. A.

NOTES

PARISIENNE

OEIL luisant, joyau on larme, sous la voillette doucement mate, si précieuse et discrête en son treillis que la maison "Cluny" pourrait l'avoir fournie tout aussi bien que la maison "Printemps."

Et sa peau . . . sa peau blonde inhérente â une poudre de choix qui ressemble â son âme de camélia sensible et fait dire quelque part (velours chaud serti de bois ciré) le nom du parfumeur—Rue de la Paix, maison fondée en . . .

Mains striées d'azur, sérieuses et fragiles, faussement desinvoltes sous leur gant de Suêde, suavement de Suêde.

De temps en temps, bijou, rappel à peine de l'œil ou de la peau—

AMERICAINE

Mais comme elle est belle, je ne croyais pas qu'on pouvait être si belle: j'y pensais quand j'étais petite pour m'amuser et puis, pour être d'accord avec les histoires que je lisais—

Elle ressemble un peu â une affiche? . . . non?

Il ne faut pas être fâché car si je l'embrasse, mes lévres seront un peu humiliées d'avoir ce goût de vin chambré sur la viande fraîche de son marbre pur, que ni la morsure ambrée du soleil, ni l'usure du baiser ne patinera, je pense. . . .

ESPAGNOLE

Tête de Madone enfant sur ton corps de poulain, têtons â l'air, que me veux tu? . . .

Ne parle pas! ! je crois toujours que tu vas me vendre quelque chose quand j'entends ta voix éraillée, ta langue agile, et ta volubile obstination â me faire abonder dans un sens—que je ne perçois pas, du reste—

Peut être que ça L'attriste? Elle est si grave aussi, Aa voix!

Et puis tes pieds . . . tes pieds de Bébé dans des chaussures de faune Louis XV. . . . .

"Maja nue" "Maja vêtue" mais oui, je sais, je la connais, mais c'est que chez toi on les fait en sérié . . . et vivantes,, VIVANTES! ! !

Et que ferais je moi? Si tu me préferès l'armateur de Bilbao ou le Danseur de la Villa Rosa?

Et vous, L'évriers tièdes â chevelure frêle aux larges "waves" je voudrais bien vous connâitre—

Je ne vois de vous que les photographies savamment éclairées sur les "Bromures" â grain subtil, et les opérettes qui me donnent envie de mourir d'amour mais de vivre entre l'orchestre et un seau â Champagne; et puis, de porter des manteaux du soir . . . comme on n'en a jamais vus! !

Ah! Viennoises, Viennoises, vous devez être d'admirables bêtes souples autant que chêrement lourdes. . . . Mais vous n'aimez que les Princes, n'est ce pas?

YVONNE GEORGE.

IN THE MINOR KEY OF AN EPOCH

YES, yes, I know. She had the fragile, petulant air of an English blond with her pointed shoes, her Coty perfume, her smiling saucy eyes and her long white clenched teeth. Two dimples at the corners of her mouth gave a certain importance to her little turned-up nose.

"My God! my dear, how I suffer from a terrible phallic compression."

I desired to cry because it was warm and because the fate of Ezra saddened me. But he said that Christ not being dead

one god should be sufficient for me. He then confessed that he would scorn America less if the Mormons were the only inhabitants and if with their ten fingers they would adore ten gods.

"For incredible as it may sound it has not been possible for me to find a suitable mistress in the three months I have been in Paris."

Miss Bee smiled. "I couldn't do any better, Ezra. And remember that Pansaers wishes to commit suicide. Nothing but the obstinacy of his wife restrains him." And speaking to me, "Isn't it true that Ezra is less unhappy?" I heard that Ezra has taken up pianists and their velocity.

He had a beautiful name, his hair was bewitching, he played chess astonishingly well, probably because he had a faun-like head. Suddenly he overturned a glass wishing to show his Olympian scorn for the virtue of Christian women. One would have said ace of spades. "How can one get a better idea of the capacity of a glass than by overturning it? It gives you the idea of putting it right side up again with the necessary assurance." He was in the habit of considering the stupidity of people as a personal injury, a point of view that made him particularly dangerous. I have seen fools rush out and throw themselves under the metro or under a vehicle simply because of having seen him and thought him mad. I didn't know anything as fearful as Picabia's large carriage or the attack of the gothas which put the section of Passy in rut and sweat.

Finally that day I saw the church of St. Germain-des-Prés as the highest summit of faith in this anthill. In order to soothe them we ate striped ice cream and drank boiling tea. It seemed to me that never had the despair of my life attained a more pathetic simplicity. My prominent nose had always prevented me from ogling the world. Therefore I used to wear big smoked glasses with large tortoise shell frames which enabled me to look boldly out at the world without being seen. I paid violent court to all the pretty women along the boulevard who caught my eye from behind this shelter. My collar, which was too tight, made me feel faint. Being unrecognizable it was

clear that I frightened people, the memoirs of Cardinal de Retz which I had read on the way helped to give me a sinister look.

"My dear Pound," I said, after laborious reflection, "I believe that you must make a methodical revision of your instincts for I fear that they are too fatiguing for you and too compromising for all the amiable people who surround you, who not being able to understand our thought take us for savages or for Russian anarchists. How do you expect that they shall know that it is only your works which put you in this state . . .

"And how do you expect that they shall know that 'Ses Mariés de la Tour Eiffel' is not Dada?" he said to me in a sharp tone which made me know all the scorn which he had for the lack of interest I had given this fraud of Cocteau's.

Miss Bee pouted, "Oh, it was really very amusing, Christian."

If there had not been the photograph and the two phonographs I really believe that everyone would have kept still. It was impossible for me to utter another word. I had seen Ezra jump up and rush out. We followed him distractedly. I foresaw a drama, a drama confused, terrible and overwhelming in which my role was limited to a state of passive stupidity. I judged it wise to be led by events. The violence of my despair rendered me stoical. I went forward, seeing nothing, there was a great noise and many people. Scarcely could I keep my sanity. I nearly fainted.

Then the boy called out to me that I had forgotten to pay . . .

The streetcar to Autueil started, I boarded it, fearing the cry, "Thief."

Desperately, madly I sought Pound. I saw the charming smile of Jean Crotti and of Suzanne Duchamp which had saved me from suicide, last year at Saint Raphael!

"If you knew, if you only knew," I said to them, "the frightful drama! Ezra, yes Ezra—I do not know what he has become. He was a charming fellow. He got up like a mad man.

I thought at first that he was going to catechism. I knew that he had danced the shimmy the fourteenth of July and that he was furiously in love. But would you have believed that he would have become so violent?"

Just think of the scandal of the elopement. The fault was Cocteau's. The bride was too beautiful.

I found Crotti and his wife at Picabia's. "How are you feeling," they asked me with such solicitude that I would have thought myself ill.

Pound was there playing chess.

And Miss Bee?

I realized perfectly well all the unforseen events which made the little drama. Impatiently in a state of indescribable nerves I waited for the pistol shots which were to close the drama.

I implored Ezra not to push me to extremes.

Miss Bee started for England yesterday. She was reading James Joyce and was well. I was so completely reassured that I couldn't stop laughing.

Francis who was playing opposite Pound sometimes smiled seriously. "His game is very queer. The chess board isn't round because it is square."

Evidently, I began to think, the glasses of Pound's spectacles are not round.

"How are you," addressing Picabia, "our friend, Pound, was particularly affected a little while ago upon hearing that you were not well. The most frightful drama of this time has occurred and if he is still one of us and if I am one of us it is because fate alone is immovable and inoffensive. Coming back from such a distance I find you all completely indifferent."

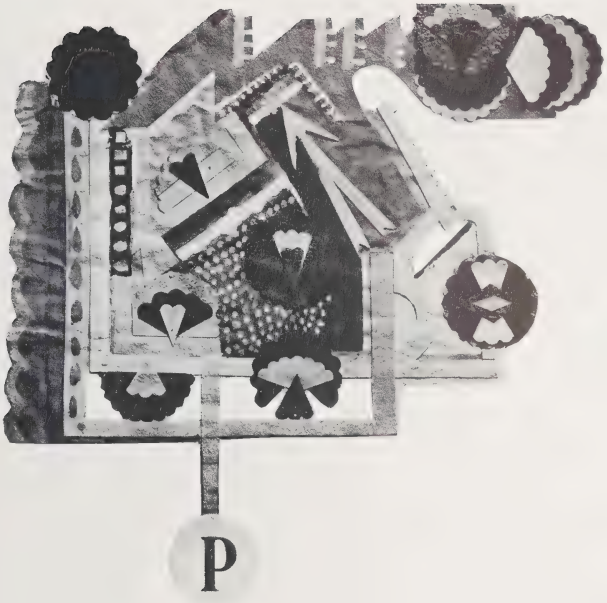
"It is perfectly true," said Picabia. "Pilhaon Thibaon will turn up tomorrow."

This is certainly something that will please Cocteau. He is the most charming man I know. With a glance he takes everything in and catches you. An extraordinary actor, he has never

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER BY FERNAND LÉGER

BY LOUIS BOUCHÉ

BY LOUIS BOUCHÉ



BY CHRISTIAN

let an idea get away without putting it within the reach of the public. Living on the fifth floor of number 12 Rue d'Anjou, he has always furnished a spectacle for the tenants below. You have the advantage, Francis, of living on the ground floor. One can enter your place by the window like robbers in pumps.

I did not know that you were so loquacious, was the answer.

Oh, this drama was truly very lyrical. I believe that since Solomon no one has made better epic poetry nor more incestuous marriages.

A flash of lightning penetrated the obscurity of the room. We were blinded. I had just received a box on the ear and wasn't conscious of it until five minutes after. Crotti was dull Francis in a philospohic mood, Moreau had not converted me and Pound was sulking in an alarming manner.

At this very moment I resolved to kill myself some day, without being very precise as to when I should put my resolution into effect.

Rushing out, we had the good fortune not to miss the last metro. We took leave of each other at the Concorde and going home alone I wept at the sacrifice I had just made of my seriousness and dignity for the sake of propriety and for love of liberty and love of love.

end of first episode.

Two days afterward I saw Pound again, comforted.

In the morning he had mounted a mechanical mare who was an American from Philadelphia—together they had ridden in the Bois.

What delicacy there is in this love of play and perfect hygiene; I saw that my friend was radiant, wittier than he usually was, although he was an extremely brilliant man. He was transformed and rejuvenated. He seemed irresistible and exciting to me.

His first words to me were words of pity and optimistic advice. He thought first that I had not eaten or that I had slept

badly or that I had abandoned myself to regrettable excesses or that I was spiteful or envious or neurasthenic.

"My boxes on the ear," I said.

"Ah true, I had forgotten! Were your sensibilities hurt? Poor fellow! Also, why don't you play tennis?"

"I do play tennis but this morning while I was playing I carelessly swallowed a ball and I cannot digest it."

"Poor boy, will you have a glass of Evian water?"

In a few words he convinced me of the necessity of following his régime. His healthy look was an argument in his favor. I showed him my hypothetical plans. He approved their subversive and compromising lines.

It is at this moment that nothing happened.

I had just vomited my tennis ball into a glass and I heard resound two slaps on the imaginary sensibility of Pound.

We had just realized a perfectly cordial and completely asthetic harmony in augmented fifths. We had not had the time to see our manifesto published.

Several minutes later we walked arm in arm down the Rue des Saints-Pères. He walked swinging his cane at his shadow. He ended by suffering and cried out, Pi-auit! I whistled gayly an air of a fox trot, taking pleasure in seeing before us a group of slender dadaists suiting their step to the rhythm of my tune.

Heretically M. Paul Bourget, Van Donegan, France, Gide and Gleizes just passed. They danced the fox trot and did not fail to salute obsequiously the young people of Madame.

At the square there sounded an enormous noise, vast as the world and proud. All Paris howled, Merde!

Our predecessors outdid us.

We did not know why but we were all wearing in our button holes the rosette of the Legion of Honour.

end of second episode.

(CHRISTIAN)

TRANSMUTATION

IN the middle of shaving Philip heard his name called. Miriam, her head a brown splash deep in the pillow, was sleeping soundlessly, knees to her chin, pink heels drawn up, like a bunch of rope. Though rage was in his heart, an amorous wave dashed lightly over him as, soapy shaving brush in hand, on naked feet he passed by the bedside to the balcony. Damn the creaking thing. Hush! he called down. George Caldwell's baldish head shone in the blazing sun, five or six feet below him. God! the heat. And he, reading Hamlet supposedly, now with the open book again his flank and that damned ugly straw held above his blinking eyes.

"What happened after?"

Can't the damned fool hush. "What's the use of barking up a whisper that way like a locomotive letting off steam. There! she stirred. Shut up, can't you. I'll come right down. Wait outside."

She had turned over but was still bound in sleep; rosy skin showed through the thin thing rucked up half way above the under-knees. And the gold bangle above the ankle, foolish tempting vanity-toy. Any man's plaything, chance, propinquity permitting. And her mood? Yes, and her mood. Was it fair to think that? Had she ever given him grounds? Every woman gave grounds if she were a woman. What was the anklet for? What was she for? What was any woman for? And what's life for? What a silly-ass question. What's life for? Life's for everything. For murder and rape and money, especially money. George says it's for reading and thinking Shakespeare. That's well enough when you haven't got a younger brother messing around after your best friend's wife. George had ought to be there. What business had he vomiting "He's mad that trusts in a boy's love or a whore's oath," while he leaves Bobby to fool round Miriam? That's practical Shakespeare, damn him.

The thoughts finished shaving Philip, dressed him, took him

down the creaking stairs, everything creaked in that damned hotel, bore him to George lolling in the hammock, reading his cursed book, munching chocolate. Philip went softly over the grass, approaching from behind the tree.

"I'm mad, God-damned mad," he shouted close to George's ear, so that he jumped as though struck hard in the small of the back and would have fallen headlong out, had not Philip saved him.

"Do you know that damned brother of yours tried to throw me off the roof garden about two this morning 'cause I caught him playing it on Miriam and if it hadn't been for the niggers . . ."

George answered nothing, just stared back, scratching back the little tuft of black hair that grows along the middle of his cranium, half in the hammock, half out.

"And I'm going to get a thick stick and wallop him. That or quit Peewee this day."

"Don't get tough, Phil. Jim Brady'll tell him off. Mamie wants you and your wife to come round to dinner."

"You think I'll sit down to table with that . . ." Words, words to kindle the fire with. What's rage without words, what's wit without them? Words for George now, words for Bobby; it would end in words. Passion petering out in words, words, words. The stuff life's made of, bought, sold and exchanged.

George rolled out of the hammock, stood up against him.

"Guide your valour to act in safety, Phil. Come along round to Mamie's."

The sister of George and Bobby Caldwell, Mamy Brady, stood at the wicket holding a bunch of crimson roses in her hand, leaned her great frame against the gate post. She nodded to them, nibbling a roseleaf. Wide mouth and even teeth, sky blue eyes like Bobby's, yellow hair like his, indolent like him, easy, cursedly inviting. Bobby's female counterpart, his living, breathing image, bosom for chest, hair clustered for smooth, down even, on upper lip, himself in a shift. George says she

adores Jim Brady, a fine log of a man, dark, too, for her blondness, with an arm of iron for her holding and a will of the same metal for her naughtiness. Does she, or does she not adore him when he wants her? What a woman for that moment if she does. Do women feel Bobby like that? Did Miriam?

The sun beat down. George mopping his wide round shiny forehead.

"Bobby's sleeping it off. What were you all doing up at the hotel last night?"

She flipped the chewed leaf from her lips and held Philip in a blue vision his eyes could not escape.

"You know enough, likely," his mouth said, but there was no consciousness behind the words. She was drawing him into her and he let himself be drawn. Passion must find its way out where it could. She stood over against him so near, if she had breathed hard he could have felt her breath on his face. A rock of a woman, a marble throat to handle. The form of her breasts showed, great breasts like Niobe's. A woman to bear children. Women were for the bearing of children. This kind. Not the Miriam kind.

George's voice broke in.

"I guess I'll go on to the Cabin and see Bobby."

She moved to let him through the gate and as her brother wandered away slowly, she put one elbow on the other gate post right opposite Philip, leaning toward him provocatively. A tangled lock of her yellow hair fell on her cheek. Laying the flowers on the broad, clipped edge of the hedge, she used both hands to wisp it up. The motion showed her off, the bare arms held up behind the head, smooth, ivory, well-formed, tapering at the wrist, helpful hands, blunt fingered, not thin and long like Miriam's, matching her feet noticed for the first time without stockings, in bath slippers. He clung to the moment, carelessly brushed the flowers to the ground his side the fence, so that they fell scattering. Then picking them up and holding them, their hands touched and for an instant his accompanied them; the merest graze of her body as she took them, the slightest wafting of herself with the rose perfume.

"What did Bobby do last night?"

"Damn Bobby, I forgive him."

Her startled eyes asked half a question, left his face and slowly, unawares, the blood mounted, crimsoning her throat, her cheeks and, as she turned, her ear, her neck to where the soft curls rooted. Turned to save her face, turned to break the link. No, only to bend it in the forging. She faced round again, the blush was dying down, not wholly gone.

"You'll come in then and go round. Bobby will be sorry."

"Yes." Philip's eyes fixed on hers. "I hope he won't be."

"Why?" she asked very softly.

"Because you shall be answerable to me for him."

"I will," she said and, coming back, she held the wicket gate open for him to pass in.

Bobby lay on the huge low truckle bed that served both brothers, George now sharing the end of it with Jabez the hound, growling at Philip's entry. The yellow-haired gladiator lay naked to the waist. A sun-ray shot through a crevice in the matting blind and touched the short hair on his powerful chest to gold. His right hand was under his head, showing the whole arm so that the biceps muscle stood out clean, smooth, blue-veined. The other arm lay along his side, hand closed, knuckles upward. His sister's skin, cream colour. Those two arms had seized him round the middle, lifted him like a child, would have hurled him into space. Philip would have liked to feel the arms for which she was answerable, her arms.

"Brought a club, Phil?"

That little additional insult made it easier.

"It's wiped out," he heard himself say.

"By my bein' dog-sick, y'mean?"

"If you like."

"God blast it. Like!"

He raised himself on the coverless pillow. The sun-ray caught his hair and licked it to flame, the light got in his eyes. He threw himself back.

"Christ! the heat. Get some ice-water, George."

Philip took the pitcher and went out with it. At the kitchen entrance to the bungalow, Zeke was gassing to the house-girl

about Marse Bob's jag. The old negro got the water, still yapping and Philip's eye caught the tail of a woman's garment as he turned with the pitcher in his hand.

"You'll be coming to supper with Mrs. Vance, won't you?"

Mamy Brady was on her way to the bath, hair loose on her shoulders. He followed her through the swing door and they stood facing each other in the passage outside the bath-room.

"And the woman tempted him." As he said the words Philip's hand shot up the open sleeve of the bath-gown, fastened on to her upper arm and gripped it from underneath near the armpit. She fell back a little against the wall, surprised at the sudden action but neither frightened nor resentful.

"You'll have Jim onto you."

"That's as may be. Your arms were going to hurl me through space a few hours ago. I've got a lien on them." He relaxed the pressure and withdrew his hand slowly, looking close into her eyes. She didn't drop hers till he held her hand hard in his, pressing against her thigh and whispered,

"Will Jim be here to-night?"

"No."

Philip went back to the cabin and held the pitcher to Bobby's lips.

STEPHEN HUDSON

AFFECTIONATE

WHEELS are growing on rose-bushes
gray and affectionate
O Jonathan—Jonathan—dear
Did some swallow Prendergast's silverheels—
be drunk forever and more
—with lemon appendicitis?

ELSA VON FREYTAG-LORINGHOVEN

Photograph by Charles Sheeler

PORTRAIT OF MARCEL DUCHAMP
BY BARONESS VON FREYTAG-LORINGHOVEN

BY GROSZ

FRANCIS PICABIA

ONE doesn't praise Francis Picabia, not because he has no need of it but because any commentary on his work would seem superfluous and would lay one open to the charge of misunderstanding him. Every activity of Picabia is intensely opposed to any kind of praise. To correct oneself, to repeat oneself, doesn't this in reality ruin the only chance that one has to survive? You have not stopped running and whatever distance you think you have put between you and you, you still leave behind you new statues of salt. Of all mankind are you the only one whose heart has failed him? And let no one object that Picabia may die some day; it is enough that for the moment this seems to me senseless.

I am young enough to be astonished—and must I add that I am pleased at my astonishment—not to find Picabia at the head of an official, international mission, endowed with limitless power, whose aim, difficult enough to define, outstrips that of poetry and painting. More and more we are the prey of ennui and if we don't take care, this delicate monster will soon make us lose all interest in anything, will deprive us of all reason for living. The example of Picabia is here of very rare assistance to us. Someone told me that in New York among the people who crowd into the picture galleries on the opening days of exhibitions there are always some who only glance at the walls, so intent are they to find the name of the next exhibitor. If such a one appeared during an exhibition of Picabia, I should like simply to say to him: Francis Picabia. So true is it that in this sort of thing one can only improve by change, and the man who changes the most from Picabia is Picabia.

It takes all our eyes to comprehend this immense landscape and, doing it, the emotion of never having seen leaves us scarcely time to breathe. The calculated impulse in the act of its breaking up and in the fore knowledge of new impulses; a thought responding to no other known necessity than to the faith in its own exception; this perpetual security in insecurity

which confers upon it the dangerous element without which it would in its turn risk becoming didactic; the humour, inaccessible to women, which beyond poetry itself, is the thing which can best oppose mobilisation, military or artistic, as well as the mobilisation of "dada," amusing as it is, (the humour and scandal which arise from it); all these gifts together with the secret of using them without any particular delight like luck at play, love over and above all, tireless love from which these books, Cinquante-deux Miroirs, Poesie Ron-Ron, borrow the language even and take over the charming plots—all these make us feel that every morning upon awakening we should like to consult Picabia like a marvellous barometer upon the atmospheric changes decided upon during the night.

For many this night is complete and I do not expect that the following anecdote will make any sensation. But I have it from Picabia and it may help to drive my point home. One of Picabia's friends went one day to an exhibition of pictures at Lausanne with a M. S. S., a young Persian nobleman. This young man, fortunately a stranger to our "culture" said to him: "Really all these artists are only beginners; they are still copying apples, melons, pots of jam." To the observation that they were well painted, he answered: "Beauty is painting something new; this gentleman, Cezanne, as you call him, has the brain of a grocer."

The truth is that we seek in vain for a reason for these exercises. It is as easy to make a good picture as a good dish, simply by using certain recipes. A recent experiment has shown that a gifted individual in a state of hypnosis, is capable of excelling in the most difficult branch provided he has had his attention fixed upon this particular thing previously. The famous maxim: "To understand a thing is to be equal to it" must then be taken in its strongest sense. The day has gone by for seeking the causes of success in such and such an artistic formula, the origin of which was never anything but a convention. It has been the habit to legitimatize this convention by the *need of harmony*. The word harmony is absolutely denuded of significance and shows only the desire to express after the thing is done, in a manner totally insufficient, that we feel only reason-

able emotions, which is, of course, of no importance. From this springs the old predilection for fixed forms in literature and the dogma of "composition" in painting. It is only by constant renewal, notably of his technique, that an artist can avoid becoming the prisoner of a style which he has or has not created.

If one likes the water colours which Picabia exhibited in November 1922, the oldest of which was done only a few months before, would one not be justified in speaking of harmony or of appealing to some other mystic hypothesis? If these laws existed, I think that they would not be applicable to sight and that no production would be under their jurisdiction at every point. As a matter of fact the value of a piece of work no longer lies in the assembling of more or less happy colours, in a play of line which approaches reality more or less closely. No longer is there a resemblance, even a faint one. The interpretation jest has lasted too long. The grace of known contours, which Picabia has so often painted in his pictures of beautiful Spanish women, the romance of tones to which he has given a tragic turn, the blue earth and the red sky, which he was the first to paint, all these have given way to compositions in which the plastic values, innocent of every representative or symbolic intention, play perhaps no more important role than the signature and the title. One remembers that it is Picabia who not long ago had the idea of calling circles, Priests, (Ecclesiastiques) a straight line, A Dancing Star, (Danseuse etoile) ; this to my way of thinking is to be regretted, not only because it concerns some of the most beautiful painting I know but also because it too systematically takes into account the astonishment of the spectator always ready to believe that he is being made fun of. Here this objection ceases, neither title evoking an image nor being a useless repetition. It is impossible to see in it anything but the necessary complement of the rest of the picture. From the point of view of the spirit in which it has been conceived and after having insisted upon the faculty that Picabia possesses in the highest degree of breaking with the images which another would be content to leave alone, is it necessary to observe that it would be wrong to believe in the connection of these last works with his "époque mécanique"?

There would be a veritable confusion and I don't need to struggle against a judgment so superficial. What objections there will be! Another painter, to whom together with Picabia and Duchamp we owe the most, Picasso, told me the other day that in the presence of one of his pictures in which he had left some parts of the canvas not covered, feeling the absence of colour was a colour in itself, his friends were unanimous in deploring the unfinished picture. He was obliged to tell them that the white of the canvas was painted by his own hand. How can one expect that those who form judgments upon the water colours of Picabia will not find fault with the distribution of the colour, this moving appearance of chemical separation which certain of them have and which up to this time we have considered contrary to the arrangement of a picture? And how would the majority of people perceive that for the first time a painting has become the source of mystery, after having been for so long a time only a speculation about mystery and that with this art without a model, neither decorative nor symbolic, Picabia has without doubt reached the top rung of the ladder of creation?

ANDRÉ BRETON

translated by Florence Reynolds

THE READER CRITIC

J. T., Washington, D. C.:

EVER since *Little Review* came I have been trying to articulate the unusual impression that it gave me. Its texture is rich, its contents, art. These are quite usual observations, and of course they did not satisfy me. I placed it against the background of the other reviews. These reviews fell away into two groups: those that have had their life and are dissolving (or are being kept from dissolution for the time by anterior momentum), and those that are self-consciously becoming. *Little Review* was clear against this parting and these opposite movements. It seemed not to move. It was (is). And then I recalled your own word, "Existences." That's it: *Little Review* is an existence. This issue. It is itself germinal. It needs no anterior functioning to explain it. It is the fulfillment of its own seed. It seems not to move, yet it does move. It is vibrant within itself, as all balanced life is. As art is . . .

F. Walter Pollock:

I DO not know if the *Little Review* makes a fetish of accuracy, or if it inclines rather towards intentional inaccuracy, but it seems to one who knows of the particular subject, that an attempt at humor or satire (or whatever you may please to call it) loses its savor when ignorance is evidenced by a mistake that would never have occurred had the author had full acquaintance with his subject, and in fact, knowledge would have made the attempted humor even imaginatively impossible.

In the Stella Number Mr. Kenneth Burke in his "The Death of Tragedy" says: "for you can smoke on the after-deck on the railway combine's ferries until the pilot turns and goes the other way, thus making the pipe illegitimate since it is being smoked on the fore-deck."

My intention in writing to you is merely to get to Mr. Burke the information that the direction in which the ferry-boat moves has nothing to do with the position of the bow or the stern. The stern is always the end towards the port of hail, and in New York Harbor, for instance, all ferries hail from New York, thus making the "Jersey" end the bow, regardless of the boat's direction. The absolutism evidenced by this rule might be noted by such opponents of Einstein as Professor Poor, were it not that the boat depends upon its relation to the shore, and when turning in Mid-stream, has neither bow nor stern. Despite this sad state of affairs, the boat manages to keep from sinking from the temporary loss of those appurtenances, until, the turn having been completed, Mr. Dooley may now remark that the behind is the before, and the before the behind.

Having now exercised the prerogative denied to Mr. McFee by Miss West, may I tell you how much I like your publication? My rather heavy subscription list makes it impossible for me to subscribe to the *Little Review* at present, but as I watch the magazine stand in my book-store for a new number, I imagine it amounts to about the same thing in the end. At any rate, I sincerely hope the coming year sees an appreciable growth in your sales, for each single increase indicates a convert from moronity.

Kenneth Burke:

I AM returning to you herewith the Weehawken enormity. This gentleman has made the only objection to my story which I could atrociously resent. Furthermore, I feel that he is not at all an authority on ferry boats and has formulated his objection exclusively on his experiences in travelling to and from Weehawken. In Massachusetts the situation is exactly as I have described it; in fact, the ferry boats themselves carry a sign making my distinction between the foredeck and the afterdeck. I feel, however, that your correspondent has precisely the right equipment to become one of our most significant producing scholars.

DR. FRANK CRANE'S Ineptitudes—Series 1923.

A man can never escape his mental background. And I confess to a feeling that every work of art ought to have some meaning in terms of welfare. That is to say, the real test of anything is whether it will help or not.

DEAR Editor: Is Santyana a real name or a nom-de-plume?

Santyana is a name made up of the two names—Santy Claus and Pollyanna. . . .

I ASKED a friend of Burton Rascoe's—"Why does Rascoe get every story about everyone wrong everytime? "Oh," she answered, "he doesn't get them wrong; that's as well as he can understand them."

X. Y., Los Angeles:

WHY OH why publish the letter from the Pittsburgh woman out of a job?

Just to show who clamours for the *Little Review* and buys it, besides the artists and intellectuals . . . who borrow it.

From the program of a culture series in San Francisco:

HER fascinating lecture on "Famous Studios" gives not only a charming description of the usually inaccessible interiors of certain splendid studios of Europe, to which she had the entree, but also of their noted owners, Bougereau, Carolus Duran, Israels, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Sargent, and others, which makes them seem like living personalities and familiar acquaintances.

Incidentally, the talk also runs the gamut of the technique of modern art as exemplified in the very diverse work of these men and in that of a few of the ultra-moderns also touched upon: a sane and valuable as well as spicy presentation of a subject felt to be bewildering at the present time."

Could the difference in time account for all that?

DEAR LITTLE REVIEW: Do you ever read the advertisements of the other magazines? *Broom* has a blurb like this in its February number: "Four years have passed since the death of Apollinaire . . . and none of his writings have yet been presented to the American public." The Dial's Christmas cards described it as the only journal devoted to art and letters in America. Such deliberate dishonesty! Why doesn't jh go after them?

I am not a professional trimmer. These magazines are business concerns. They use the advertising methods of certain grades of business. They place themselves. The *Little Review* is for and by the artist, we have no interest in confusing the public or in directing it to buy only from us. Buying and selling isn't our fun. *jh.*

THE TWO FAKES

Bulletin from Paris

Brancusi frantic . . . Picasso overcome

Elie Nadleman, the Lord Fauntleroy of Sculpture, in a lecture at the Anonyme, discloses that Brancusi and Picasso stole all their ideas from him.

THE INDEPENDENTS

REFERRING to well-chewed subjects, definitely sticking cudd on top of table:

That—being "Song of Love"—music next to be prohibited.

Prohibiton of spirit is abhorent of course for it's logically spiritless, occasioning "pictures" like that *soap box oratorical too well-known one.*

Kantor.—I have instinctive mistrust toward oversize canvasses. Invariably they mean to be knock-out with bluff and one possessed with impotence's bad conscience. Instincts—mine—being unfailing sure hands of spirit watch—I again had sneering occasion to verify before that strenuously stupid fake originality at large! This harks back to to love song bird.

Furthermore on roquefort:

I hungrily resent all depiction that tempts palatetaste—stomach emotion—as irrelevance—(absent reality—truth)—unless it be in delicatessen store window or subway train. Have I not had since my schoolgirl pinafore days as yet unnurtured yearning for "Hummer-lachs and frischen Bärenschinken"—(combination of Canadian wilderness origin)—from out of German poem—describing virtuous simple life of Canadian hunter—betrayed by civilized Britisher supposed to be gentleman. Hell I cared about ethics—my mouth slavered—rhythm of words turned from ear direct to stomach sensation.

. . . Otherwise Independent Exhibition was unlooked for interesting this year, there being actually one object of true spiritual merit that went beyond painting" as Marcel Duchamp's "Nude—King and Queen" does. It is called I believe "Combination of Movement of Women and Horses." That is it is. By Warren Wheelock.—BARONESS ELSA VON FREYTAG-LORINGHOVEN.

TRIANGLE

THE addition
The result
Of one and one
Equals
Obtained

Finding
The average
Common
To the one
Incommensurate
With the other

One
Of a series

In which the part
Unequal
To the whole
Is eliminated

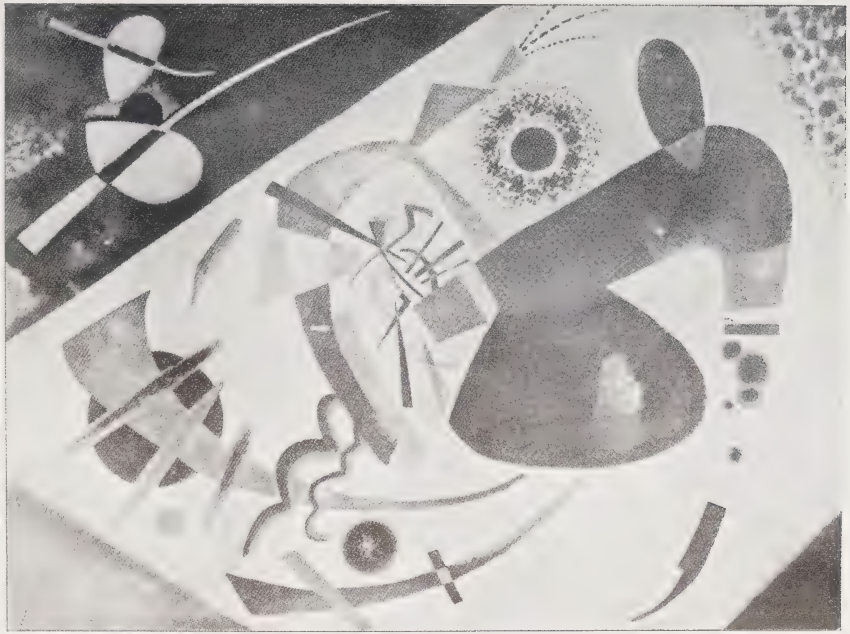
By the survival
Of the fittest

One
Without remainder

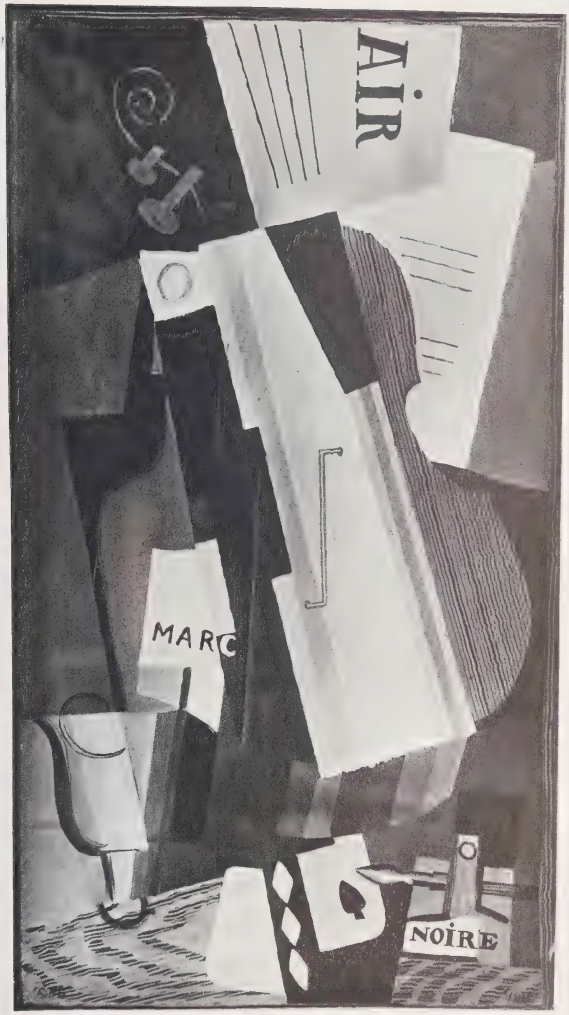
LOUIS GILMORE

TATLIN TOUR

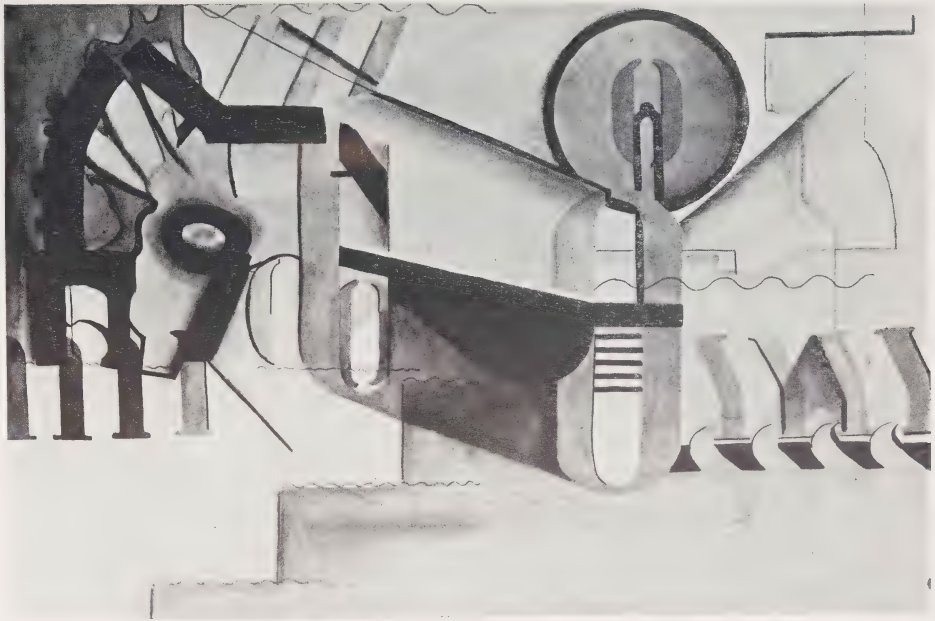
Model for the Monument to the Third International. By Tatlin, a Russian Constructivist.



BY VASSILIJ KANDINSKY



NATURE MORTE BY LOUIS MARCOUSSIS



BY LETT HAINES

AESTHETIC MEDITATIONS*
ON PAINTING
THE CUBIST PAINTERS
SECOND SERIES—Continued

JUAN GRIS

HERE is the man who has meditated upon all that is modern, here is the painter who desires to conceive only new ensembles, whose aim it is to draw and paint only forms materially pure.

∴

His drolleries were sentimental. He wept as they weep in romances, instead of laughing as in bacchic songs. He still ignores the fact that colour is a form of the real. And here he is, discovering the minutiæ of thought. He discovers them, one masterpieces. Gradually the little genii of painting assemble. The pale hills are peopled. The bluish flames of gas stoves, the skies with falling forms like weeping willows or damp leaves. He gives to his pictures the damp appearance of freshly painted facades on the walls of a room, a high hat, the disorder of advertisements on a fence. All this might well serve to animate a picture, or to give the painter a limit of that which he proposes to paint. Great forms thus acquire a sensibility. They are no longer tiresome. This art of adornment strives desperately to cherish piously and reanimate the lost vestiges of classic art, such as the drawings of Ingres and the portraits of David. He attains style as did Seurat without having anything of its theoretic novelty.

Juan Gris is certainly searching in this direction. His painting deviates from music; that is to say that it aims first of all

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at a scentific reality. Juan Gris has drawn from the studies which attach him to his only master, Picasso, a design which at first appeared to be geometric and which he so characterized that it became a style.

▪ ▪ ▪

This art, if it progresses in the direction in which it has started, may end, not in a scientific abstraction, but in an aesthetic arrangement which may, after all, be considered as the highest form of scientific art. More forms suggested by the skillfulness of the painter, more colours, too, which are also suggested forms. Objects could be utilised whose capricious arrangement would have an undeniable aesthetic meaning. At the same time, the impossibility that exists of putting on canvas a man in flesh and bones, a wardrobe with a mirror, or the Eiffel Tower, would force a painter either to come back to the ordinary process of painting, or to limit his talents to the minor art of the show window—there are today show windows admirably arranged,—or even that of the upholsterer or the landscape gardener.

The latter two arts are not without their bearing on the painter. That of the show window would have an analogous influence. It would do no harm to the art of painting, because it could not be used as a substitute for painting in the representation of perishable objects. Juan Gris is too much of a painter to renounce painting.

▪ ▪ ▪

Perhaps we shall see him attempt the great art of surprise. His intellectualism and his attentive study of nature will furnish him with the unexpected elements from which a style will disengage itself as it does today from the metallic constructions of engineers, department stores, garages, railroad tracks, aeroplanes! It is only proper that art, having today but a very limited social role to fill, should assume the disinterested task of studying scientifically, and that even without any aesthetic design, the immense extent of its domain.

▪ ▪ ▪

The art of Juan Gris is too rigorous and too poor an expression of scientific cubism: issuing from that of Picasso, it is a

profoundly intellectual art where colour has only a symbolic significance. And yet, while the art of Picasso is conceived in the light (impressionism), that of Juan Gris contents itself with clearness, scientifically conceived.

⁂

The conceptions of Juan Gris are always clear cut, and this clearness, no doubt, will one day throw out parallels.

FERNAND LÉGER

FERNAND LÉGER is one of the well-endowed artists of his generation. He did not tarry long in the post-impressionist school, which dates only from yesterday, but already seems to us so remote. I have seen some of Léger's first attempts in art. 'Night Baths,' a horizontal sea, the heads already just scattered in after the manner of the difficult compositions which no one but Henri Matisse has attempted.

⁂

And then, after entirely new drawings, Léger desired to devote himself to pure painting. The wood cutters bore upon their persons signs of the blows which their hatchets had left upon the trees, and the general color partook of that light, greenish and profound, which filters through the foliage.

⁂

After that Léger's work was a fairyland wherein the personages smiled drowned in perfume. Indolent persons, memories of Norman shepherds voluptuously transforming the light of the city in multiple and delicate shadows. All the colours boil. Then a vapour arises, and, when it has dissipated, behold the chosen colours. A sort of masterpiece was born of this fire; it is called 'The Smoker.'

There is in Léger a desire to extract from a composition all the aesthetic emotion it can give. Here he is bringing a landscape to the most elevated heights of plasticity.

He discards everything which does not give to his conception the agreeable aspect of a happy simplicity.

He was one of the first, who, resisting the ancient instinct of the species, of the race, gave themselves joyfully to the instinct of the civilization in which he lived.

This is an instinct resisted by many more than one would suppose. With some it became a grotesque frenzy, the frenzy of ignorance. With others it consisted in getting as much as possible out of what comes to us through our five senses.

When I see a picture by Léger, I am content. It is not a stupid transposition executed with skillful forgery. It is not a question either of a work whose author has done what everyone wishes to do today. There are so many who wish to remake for themselves a soul or a profession of the 15th or 14th Century, there are others more skillful yet who forge a soul of the age of Augustus or Pericles, in less time than it takes a child to learn to read. No, Léger is not one of those men who believe that the humanity of one age is different from that of another, or who confound God with a costumer until they confound their costume with their soul. It is the question neither more nor less of an artist like unto those of the 14th and 15th Century, like unto those of the time of Augustus or of Pericles,—and for the glory of masterpieces, heaven will help the painter who helps himself.

∴

Once, when he was in sore straits, the sculptor Manolo went to a picture dealer, who had at that time the reputation of being willing to help unknown talents.

Manolo had the intention of selling this man some drawings, and had himself announced.

The dealer sent back word to Manolo that he did not know him.

"Go tell Monsieur the Expert, that I am Phidias," replied Manolo.

But the dealer again answered that he did not know that name.

"Then tell him that is Praxiteles whom he did not care to receive."

And the sculptor left.

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To be sure, Phidias, Praxiteles or Manolo might have been

there, but the soul of a Phidias cannot be remade. And—most men disguise themselves. Therefore it can be very well understood why there are always so few modern artists. The most of them are disguised. The Salons contain little but the accessories of the carnival. I like authentic works of art. Those which have been conceived by souls which have not been remade!

▪ ▪ ▪

Here you are, you beauties, shades, light colours, and you, forms in ebullition; pleasant smokes are the emblem of civilization.

This sky of the puppet show is the sky of our streets; they have cut it out and set it up—the infinite sweetness of raspberry coloured roofs, and no matter if a hand has six fingers, or this man three feet.

Do not think that this has to do with mysticism. Oh! I do not despise it. I am terrified with admiration: Let him come one day, the great mystical artist. Let God command him, force him, give him orders. He will come:—perhaps he is here, quite near, his name I know but must not tell, it will be well known one day, it is better not to tell him; what happiness for him: if he ignore his mission, ignore his suffering and also the fact that he is always in danger here below.

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But Fernand Léger, is not a mystic; he is a painter, a simple painter and I rejoice as much in his simplicity as in the solidity of his judgment.

I love his art because it is not disdainful, because it does nothing servile, and because it does not reason. I love your légeres, O Fernand Léger. Your fancy does not exalt you to fairyland, but secures for you nevertheless all your joys.

Here the joy is in the design as well as in the execution. He will find other effervesences. The same orchards will supply even more delicate colorations. Other families will scatter themselves like drops from a water spout and the rainbow will appear to sumptuously attire the tiny dancers of the corps de ballet. The wedding party dissimulate themselves the one behind the other. Just another little effort to get rid of perspective, of the

miserable trick of perspective, this fourth dimension turned backward through which all things inevitably shrink.

But this painting is liquid, the sea, blood, rivers, rain, a glass of water, even our tears, the humidity of kisses and the sweat of great efforts and long fatigue.

FRANCIS PICABIA

A MEMBER of the Impressionist School, Francis Picabia, with the majority of contemporary painters, had, with the Fauves, transposed light in colours. It is thus that he has arrived at an entirely new art where colour is no longer merely colouring, nor even a luminous transposition, where it has no longer a symbolic significance because it is itself the form and the light of that which it represents. In this way he approaches an art in which, as in the case of Robert Delaunay, colour is the ideal dimension. It has consequently all the other dimensions. Nevertheless with Picabia the form is still symbolic when the colour must be formal: a perfectly legitimate art and one which can be considered extremely elevated. Colour in this art is saturated with energy and its extremes are continued in space. Reality is here material itself. Colour no longer depends on the three known dimensions. It is colour which creates them.

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This art has as much relationship with music as it can have with an art which is its contrary. It might very well be said that the art of Picabia wants to be to old fashioned painting what music is to literature; but it cannot be said that it is music. In reality, music proceeds by suggestion, here on the contrary we are presented with colours which must not impress us as symbols but as concrete forms. At the same time, without using new methods, an artist like Picabia here deprives himself of one of the principal elements of universal painting: that is conception. In order that the artist may, in appearance, so deprive himself colour must be formal (substance and dimension: the measure).

Let us add that the indication of a title is not, with Picabia, an intellectual element foreign to the art to which it is conse-

crated. This indication should play the part of an inner frame, such as actual objects, and inscriptions exactly copied, play in the pictures of Picasso. It should avoid the intellectualism of decadence and conjure the danger which artists always run of becoming litterateurs. For Picabia's written title, for the actual objects, the letters and moulded ciphers in the pictures of Picasso and Braque, we find the picturesque equivalent in the pictures of Mlle. Laurencin in the shape of arabesques in profundity. In the pictures of Albert Gleizes it appears in the form of right angles which retain the light, in the pictures of Fernand Léger as bubbles, in the works of Metzinger in the form of vertical lines, parallel to the sides of the frame and cut by occasional steps. The equivalent will be found in the works of all the great painters. It is destined to give picturesque intensity to a painting, and this role sufficiently signifies its legitimacy.

It is thus that one guards himself from becoming a literary painter; it is thus that Picabia has tried to give himself up entirely to colour, without ever daring, in approaching his subject, to give it a personal existence. (Let us observe that to indicate a title does not signify that an artist has approached a subject.)

Pictures like 'Le Paysage,' 'La Source,' 'Danse a la Source' are indeed painting: colours which unite or contrast, which take a direction in space, which decrease or augment in intensity to provoke aesthetic emotion. This is not a case of abstraction, for the pleasure which these works give is direct. Surprise plays an important role in it. Would one say that the flavour of a peach was an abstraction? Each picture of Picabia's has its proper existence limited by the title which he has given it. These pictures are so little abstract, a priori, that the painter could tell you the history of each one of them. The 'Dancè à la Source' is only the realisation of a natural plastic emotion experienced in the environs of Naples.

If this art was pure the possibilities of aesthetic emotions it contains would be immense. Picabia could take for his own the axiom of Poussin's: "Painting has no other end than the pleasure and joy of the eyes."

Picabia, who seems to long for a mobile art, might now aban-

don static painting for other means of expression, as Loie Fuller did. But, as a painter of pictures, I advise him to frankly attack the subject (poetry) which is the essence of the plastic arts.

MARCEL DUCHAMP

THE pictures of Marcel Duchamp are not yet sufficiently numerous, and they differ too much from one another, for us to be able to draw any conclusion which would furnish us a judgment as to the real talents of their author. Marcel Duchamp, like the majority of the new painters, no longer has the cult of appearances. (It seems as if it had been Gauguin who was the first to renounce that which was so long the religion of painters.)

In the beginning Marcel Duchamp was influenced by Braque, (pictures exhibited in the Autumn Salon 1911, and the Gallery of the rue Tronchet 1911) and by 'La Tour' of Delauney (A Melancholic Young Man in a Train).

▪ ▪ ▪

To free his art from all perceptions which might become notions, Duchamp writes upon his picture the title which he bestows upon it. Thus literature which so few painters have foreborne disappears from his art, but not poetry. He then makes use of forms and colours not to render appearances but to penetrate the very nature of these forms and formal colours which drive painters to such despair that they try to avoid and, whenever possible, do without them.

To the concrete composition of his pictures Marcel Duchamp opposes a title intellectual in the extreme. In this direction he goes as far as possible, nor does he fear the reproach of making a painting esoteric, if not abstruse.

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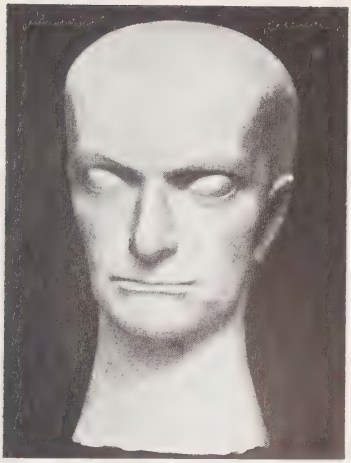
All men, every being who has passed near us, have left marks upon our memory, and these traces of life have a reality, the details of which may be scrutinized and copied. These traces thus acquire, all of them together, a personality whose plastic

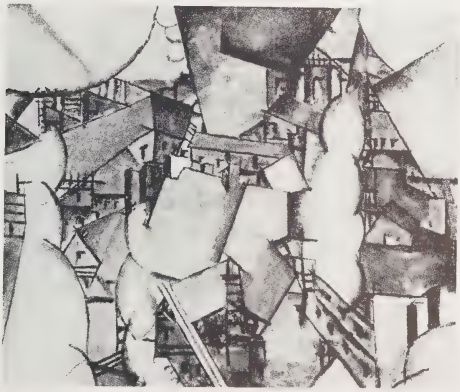
JUAN GRIS

FRANCIS PICABIA

MARCEL DUCHAMP



R. DUCHAMP-VILLON



FERNAND LÉGER

character may be indicated by a purely intellectual operation.

There are traces of these beings in the pictures of Marcel Duchamp. Allow me to make, just here, an observation which has its importance. Duchamp is the only painter of the modern school who today concerns himself with the nude (autumn 1912) : 'Le Roi Et La Reine Entourés des nus vites,' 'nu descendant un eslalier.'

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▪ ▪

This art while it forces itself to aestheticize the very musical interpretation of nature, interdicts to itself the caprice and the unexpressive arabesques of music.

An art which aims at drawing from nature, not intellectual generalizations but collective forms and colours, the perception of which has not yet become knowledge, is very conceivable, and it seems that a painter like Marcel Duchamp is likely to realise it. It is possible that these unknown aspects of nature, profound and suddenly grandiose, have no need of being aestheticized to be moving—this would explain the grumblings, sometimes tender and again firmly accented, the flame-shaped appearance of colours, and the compositions in the form of an N.

These conceptions are not determined by aesthetics, but by the energy of a small number of lines (forms or colours).

This art can produce works of a force of which no one has any idea. It may even play a social role.

Just as a picture by Cimabue was paraded through the streets, our Century has seen a Bleriot aeroplane all charged with the efforts of a thousand years of humanity triumphantly escorted to the (Academy) of Arts and Sciences. It will perhaps be reserved for an artist as detached from aesthetic pre-occupations, as preoccupied with energy as Marcel Duchamp to reconcile art and the people.

APPENDIX

DUCHAMP-VILLON

AS soon as sculpture departs from nature, it becomes architecture. The study of nature is more necessary for sculptors than for painters, as one can perfectly well imagine a

painting entirely free from nature. In fact, the new painters even if they study nature with zeal, even if they copy her, are entirely detached from the cult of her appearances. It is even only through the conventions benevolently accepted by the spectator that it has been possible to establish the relation between such and such a painting, and such and such an actual object. The new painters have rejected these conventions and some of them, rather than return to the observation of these conventions, have deliberately introduced into their pictures elements foreign to painting, and perfectly authentic. Nature is for them, as for the writer, a pure fountainhead from which one may drink without fear of being poisoned. She is their safeguard against the intellectualism of decadence, which is the greatest enemy of art.

Sculptors, on the contrary, can reproduce the appearances of nature (and many of them have done so). By colouring, they can give us almost the appearance of life. At the same time they can demand from nature more than these immediate appearances, and can even imagine, enlarge, or diminish, as did the Assyrian, Egyptian, Negro and oceanien sculptors, forms endowed with a powerful aesthetic life, but whose justification must always be found in nature. It is the observation of this condition essential to sculpture which justifies the work of Duchamp-Villon, and when he wished to get away from it, it was to take up architecture itself.

▪ ▪ ▪

From the moment when the elements which compose a structure no longer find their justification in nature, that art becomes architecture. Pure sculpture is subject to a singular necessity: it must have a practical end, whereas one can perfectly conceive of an architectural work as disinterested as music iteself—music being the art which it most resembles. The Tower of Babel, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Statue of Memnon, the Sphinx, the Pyramids, Mausoleums, Labyrinths, the Sculptured Blocks of Mexico, Obelisks, Menhirs, etc. Triumphal or Commemorative Columns, Arcs de Triomphe, Eiffel Tower, the entire world is covered with useless, or almost useless monuments, or at least, of monuments whose proportions excede the end it was

desired to attain. Indeed, the Mausoleum, the Pyramids are too large for tombs and are consequently useless. Columns, even if they are like that of Trojan or the Vendome Column, destined to commemorate events, are equally useless, for the details can never be followed up to the very top of the historic scenes featured there. Is there anything more useless than a Triumphal Arch? And the utility of the Eiffel Tower was born after its disinterested construction.

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Nevertheless the architectural sense has been lost to such a point that the uselessness of a monument appears today to be an unusual thing and almost a monstrosity.

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On the contrary, it is easily admitted that a sculptor produces a useless thing and yet when sculpture is disinterested it is ridiculous.

Sculpture has for its practical end the representation of simulacrums, the statue of a hero, or of a sacred animal, and this artistic necessity has been understood in all times, it is the cause of the anthropromorphism of divinities, because the human form is that which most easily finds its natural justification and also allows freer play to the fancy of the artist.

From the moment that sculpture leaves the portrait, it is nothing more than a decorative technique destined to give intensity to architecture, (lamp posts, allegorical statues for gardens, balustrades, etc.)

∴

The utilitarian end aimed at by most of the contemporary architects is the cause which keeps architecture considerably behind the other arts. The architect, the engineer should build with sublime intentions: to erect the highest tower, to prepare for time and the ivy, a ruin more beautiful than any other, to throw over a harbour or a river an arch more audacious than the rainbow, to compose above all a persistent harmony the most audacious that man has ever known.

Duchamp-Villon has this titanic conception of architecture. A

sculptor and an architect, light is the only thing that counts for him, and for all the other arts also, it is only light which counts, the incorruptible light.

NOTE

BESIDES the artists of whom I have spoken in the preceding chapters, there are other living artists who in schools anterior to Cubism, in the contemporary schools or among the independent personalities, are attached, whether willingly or not, to the Cubist School.

Scientific Cubism defended by Mr. Canudo, Jacques Nayral, André Salmon, M. Granié M. Maurice Raynal, M. Marc Bresil, M. Alexandre Mercereau, M. Reverdy, M. Tudesq, M. André Warnod, and the author of this book, has as new adherents M. Georges Deniker, M. Jacques Villon and M. Louis Marcoussis.

Physical Cubism defended in the press by the preceding writer, M. Roger Allard, M. Olivier Hourcade, can claim the talents of M. Marchand, of M. Herbin and of M. Vera.

Orphic Cubism which was defended by M. Max Goth, and the author of this book seems to be the pure tendency followed by M. Dumont and M. Valensi.

Instinctive Cubism forms an important movement, begun a long time ago and already shedding its rays in foreign ports. M. Louis Vauxcelles, M. René Blum, M. Adolphe Basler, M. Gustav Kahn, M. Marinetti, M. Michel Puy, have defended certain personalities sprung from this art; it unites numerous artists like Henri Matisse, Rouault, André Derain, Raoul Dufy, Chabaud, Jean Puy, Van Dongen, Severini, Boccioni, etc., etc.

Among the sculptors who wish to belong to this school we may mention besides Duchamp-Villon, MM. Auguste Agero, Archipenko and Brancusi.

GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE

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OR

NOTATIONS FROM THE CAPITAL OF MORON-IA

THE "Contract"" is the big pot at the end of everyone's rainbow—no matter what capacity you work in "A Contract" should always be the demand, for that presupposes success, surety, and satisfactory salary. All right, success crowns your machinations, you sign on the dotted line, your employers feel honour bound to defend you (vide Wallie Reid's illness)—not only for the good of the industry but for salve to their vanity as good pickers. So you're immune from that quarter, but the bombardment against you from everywhere else! No matter how well, or especially dependent, on how well your picture sells—(for all contracts eventually run out—they are renewed with you or someone else—it's the thousands [literally] of these who are your critics)—so, the pinnacle of achievement yours, the pettinesses are still with you as before; and that's life in Hollywood,—worth the struggle isn't it? A pale green or violent purple Rolls-Royce is the goal, however, and you may get that in preference to the accomanying stardom.

Old man Coogan, ex-vaudeville actor, "hangs around" the Pickford-Fairbank's factory and beautiful personal publicity issues forth until the new contract is made with a rival. At that Jackie is making $4,000 a day from an oil well! Charlie calls on Doug and Mary ostensibly to play charades, impromptu acting, before a new audience from Germany; but contracts and business deals are uppermost—the triumverate of artists more shrewd symbols than the golden spherical trinity over an east-side cathedral of commerce.

At the Lasky place the decendents of Queen Esther still practice her great principle "try and get in." Europe is a menace,—just one or two in Europe are—Who are they?—buy 'em out. Whether they'll do nobly by them or insidiously destroy them (which latter is already in process by the way) only time will tell the public. Where the dollar is concerned are thy people my people? These German and Polish Jews are surely getting a raw deal from their American brethren. This "lot" has had an unfortunate lot when coming to the narrow gate by which the public judges—namely morality. Perhaps the largeness of the organization accounts for it, but nevertheless William Desmond Taylor, Fatty Arbuckle and Wallie Reid, the most notorious "morality" cases, were all on the payroll of this most desirable contract-giving corporation (Thomas Meighan—ex-cop, chauffeur or something, gets 14 to 15 thousand dollars a week).

Universal City, "over the hill" from Hollywood, seems to be safe from gossip—just as the farm-house beyond the main road has no tales told of it. Even the Van Stroheim resignation was a sudden shock—a drink out of a silver pocket-flask in the 3 A. M. fog was the straw the camel said broke its back—after a load of extravagances, independent thinking and imperialism. (The contract said something, somewhere about no drinking on the job.)

Culver City is more on the main road of the sea-road-house public and well

behaved on the surface; but it isn't morals I want to talk about—it's the mind and its conceptions of the ideal, and I've already told you that—remember Nathan said recently: "so long as the majority of the figures in the field of the movies are recruited from the social and aesthetic slums, so long will the smell of Lime-house cling to movie scandals. Only ladies and gentlemen can get away with the thing that is killing the movies in the minds of respectable men, women and children"—So you see after all it's no concern of ours—"ladies and gentlemen—respectable men, women and children."

C. Z.

MUSEUMS OR ARTISTS

Our modern museums highly efficient organizations, strictly sanitary, sometimes remind me of a visit I once paid to the Morgue in Paris. There in a refrigerated glass one saw those things which were once alive, were part of that bigger thing called life, torn away by the accidents or tragedies of living to be exposed to the vulgar eye . . . laid out carefully on ice to keep in them a semblance of life.

A fifteenth century sculpture torn from the facade of some French cathedral and richly exposed in the Metropolitan has lost 75% of its life, its raison d'etre, like a head without its body but a fragment of a whole. What is the now faded beauty of a golden cup by Cellini, belabeled and carefully guarded, compared to that supreme time centuries ago when filled with sparkling Burgundy it decorated the tables of the Kings of France?

For things of the past museums have a value; but the practice of painting easel pictures and making bits of sculpture to be (or with the hope that they will be) rushed off into some museum or private collection is a most unhealthy and unnatural practice. The museums and self-styled collectors are putting a pressure on the artist which keeps him down while they speculate and wait for him to die.

You organizers and builders of all this tremendous force and energy which is America—have you no confidence in what you are building, no confidence in the part the artist should play in your "civilization"? If you have take him, up buck him up, give him the chance that he may have the joy of giving his building power. Without him you can do nothing worthy.

Is there no one in all this monied New York who is both connoisseur and millionaire? No one who has enough confidence in his own good judgment and in the young artists of our day to give the architects, painters and sculptors a chance to join in the creation of something that is as complete an expression of today in its way as any of these gigantic commercial or financial structures are an expression in their way? Let the artists create for your public buildings and homes forms that will express that strength and will to power, that poise and simplicity that one begins to see in some of your factories, rolling-mills, elevators and bridges.

Will New York be the world's art centre? You have the money and a world in the building with something of a desire to understand. When will you give to your artists the opportunity that you have already given to your scientists and engineers?

JOHN STORRS.

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Little Review, published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1922. State of New York, County of Suffolk, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Margaret Anderson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of The Little Review, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Managers, Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Margaret Anderson. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1922. N. Clinton Miller. [Seal.] (My commission expires March 30, 1923.)

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